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Vol. 6.

No. 9.

KUNKEL'S

MUSICAL REVIEW.

JULY, 1883.

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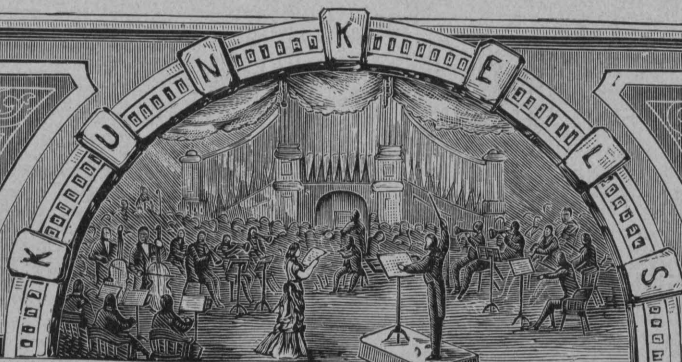
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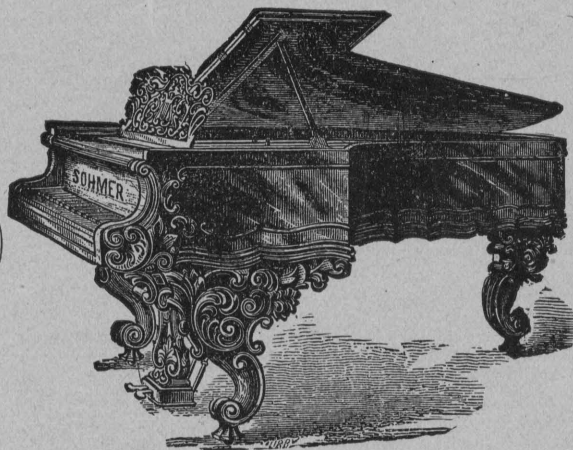
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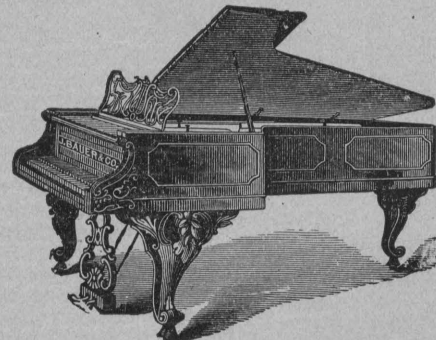
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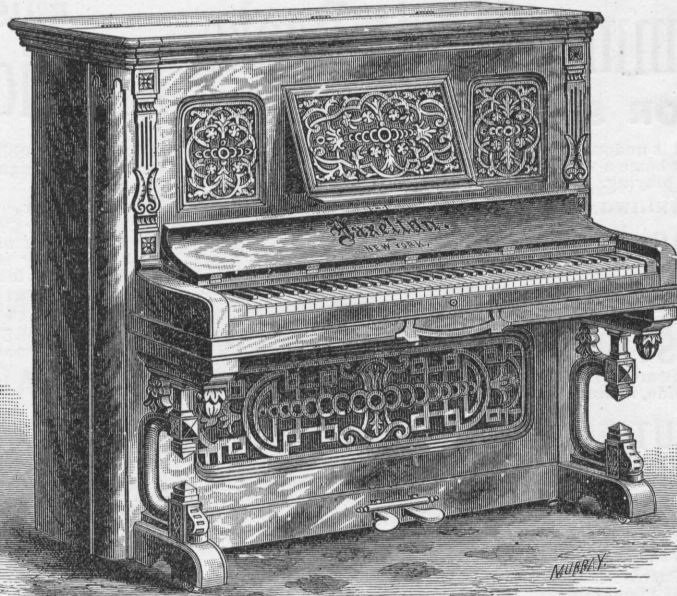
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MUSICAL REVIEW

KUNKEL'S

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Vol. VI.

JULY, 1883.

No. 9.

BURMESE BELLS.

THIS Bell is made by Koo-Na-Lin-Gala, the Priest —, and weight 600 viss. No one body design to destroy this Bell. Maulmain, March 30, 1855. He who destroyed to this Bell; they must be in the great Heell, and unable to come out." This inscription runs around the rim of the great bell at the Kyaik-Than-Lan Pagoda at Moulmein. It is hardly a fiftieth part of the weight of the Maha Ganda at Rangoon; which, in turn, is a great deal smaller than the huge monster at Mengoon, near Mandalay; but it is noticeable as being the only bell in Burmah, as far as I am aware, which has an English inscription on it. The circumstance is scarcely to be considered in the light of a compliment, for the bell has not the character of exceptional sanctity; and there is a lengthy Pali inscription on the upper part, giving further particulars and commending the pious donors to the safe keeping of the five thousand nats who guard the faith; the guardian nats of the universe; the nats of the earth, the air, the forest and the city; and there is nothing whatever in the shape of menaces to such as may have evil designs on the bell. But Koo-Na-Lin-Gala, the priest, no doubt thought this English addition very necessary, and by no means unwarranted; for only three years before, after the conclusion of the second Burmese war, in 1852, the British troops had tried to carry off the sacred Shway Dagohn bell, and had gone the length of getting it on board a ship. Unfortunately, the vessel turned over, and Maha Ganda was capsized into the mud at the bottom of the Rangoon River. The good mendicant, therefore, who superintended the casting of the bell for the Moulmein Payah doubtless thought that none but the utmost terrors would serve to scare off the sacrilegious Briton. There are many bells, according to those learned in Buddhistic theology. There are four states of punishment for the wicked, of which the general term hell denotes the worst; but there are many divisions in the one great *Bohng*, and of these the worst is Nga-Yeh, the great hell, ordinarily reserved for parricides, assaulters of an ascetic, or railers at the Buddha. Artists with a taste for the hideous have adorned the walls and roofs of the passages up to the Shway Dagohn Pagoda with pictures of the horrors which await the victims in this *inferno*, and it is with punishment here that all who may have evil designs on the Moulmein bell are threatened. The fiery monk may rest happy. The bell has hung unmolested from the big crossbar, resting on two huge teak uprights, and will doubtless long remain safe on the somewhat cramped platform at the end of the Young Ngyo range.

The love of bells in Burmah is somewhat remarkable. Every large pagoda has some dozens of them, of all sizes, hanging round the skirts of the *zaydee*, image houses and *zayats*. One or two were put up with the building itself; others have been added at various times by the religious. Most of them have long Pali inscriptions on them recording the praises of the Lord and the aspirations of the giver. Here and there are a few with Burmese dedications, presented by poor, simple jungle people, the monks in whose districts did not know Pali, or had the grace to say they were not learned enough to write an original composition in that language. Every Burman has learned a certain number of Pali formulæ, to enable him to worship at the pagoda; but few, even of the most renowned Tsadaus, have anything like a thorough knowledge of the sacred language. Hence, when there is a modest monk in the Kyoung, the simple cultivators have to fall back on their own vernacular, and produce plaintive appeals, like the following: "This bell was made with great care and much expense, and is presented by Moun Tsan Yah, of the hamlet of Nga-Pay-Oh, in the township of Maoobin, and Mah Mah Gyee his wife, who seek refuge in

the boundless mercy of the pitiful Buddha, in the majesty of the eternal Law, and in the venerable Assembly, the three gems. They visit the precious things faithfully on the appointed days. Applaud, ye pious. They humbly strive to gain for themselves merit. May the good Nats who guard the forest and the field look smilingly on them, and guard the poor man's crops. May the Nats who dwell in the air and the earth defend from evil things the two fat bullocks which plough the fields. May the guardian Nats of the house and the city keep from harm Chit Oo, their son, and little Mah Mee, their darling daughter. And may the merit of this offering be halved with their children. May the excellent Lord pity them; the good Spirits smile on them; the holy Assembly receive them. So shall Moun Tsan Yah and Mah Mah Gyee gain much merit and rejoice in presenting this bell. Weight, seventy-five viss."

Such dedications are found here and there, but they are not common; for half the honor of presenting the bell is lost if the common crowd can read what is written on it; and doubtless Moun Chit Oo, when he has been to an English school and has got a place under government, will be rather ashamed of the quaint humility of his father's offering. The bells are not intended to summon worshippers to their devotions. There is no necessity for such a call. Every man is responsible to himself only for his religious state; no one else has anything directly to do with him, or can give him any help. The monks themselves are little concerned with the spiritual state of the laity. If a man is to attain a favorable change in a succeeding existence, it must be by his own exertions. He knows the special "duty days"—the new moon, the eighth of the waxing, the full moon, and the eighth of the waning. On these days and on the special feast-days he goes to gain *kutso* for himself and better his chance for a new transmigration, as the Burman idea of metempsychosis renders the notion of transmigration of souls. If he is a fond man, he perhaps parcels out the merit acquired by his devotions among those members of his family or friends who have not been to the pagoda. The use of the bells is to direct attention to the fact of the lauds of Buddha having been gone through. The worshipper, when he has finished, goes to one of the bells and strikes it three times, to bring to the notice of the nats and the four worlds what he has been doing. There are always a number of deer's antlers and billets of wood lying near the bell for this purpose. None of them have clappers, and metal is never used to strike them.

The Burmese have no objections whatever to a foreigner sounding the bell; they, indeed, rather like it; for the more clangor there is the more likely the nats are to observe their piety. Most of the bells have a fine tone, and a flick with the finger is sufficient to cause a vibration through the whole ninety-five thousand pounds of metal in Maha Ganda. What sound the Mengoon bell, second only in size to that presented by the Empress Catherine to Moscow, is capable of will never probably be known; for the supports have given way, and half of the rim rests on the ground. But, as Colonel Yule says, it would have, at any time, required a battering ram to bring out its music.

Besides those hung round the precincts of the pagoda, the *htee*, or umbrella, on the top of the edifice, is always hung with a multitude of bells. Those on the more sacred shrines are very often entirely gold or silver. Several on the Shway Dagohn at Rangoon are of gold, studded with precious stones, and are worth many hundred pounds apiece. These, of course, are furnished with tongues; and the slightest breeze causes a constant harmonious tinkling, dear to the worshipper's heart. The object of these bells is identical with that of those below on the platform—to attract the attention of the good spirits in Tawadeintha and other abodes of the nats on Mount Meru.

The mode of casting the bells is of the most primitive possible character. A mold of clay is formed to represent the inside. This is covered with beeswax to the required thickness of the metal, and over this again is placed a heavy layer of clay mixed with chopped paddy-straw. Through this outer covering are a number of funnel holes in parallel rings, at a distance of six or nine inches; and through these the molten metal is poured in, melting and taking the place of the beeswax, which flows out at the bottom. Straws inserted through the clay let out the air and steam. And thus the bell is formed in a series of rings, one above the other. The copper and tin are melted together in little open-air furnaces round about, and the crucibles are carried in little wicker baskets. Large bells are usually made in a pit dug in the ground. The metal images of Buddha for the pagodas are cast in a similar way. When the mass has cooled, the outside is polished, and any flaws there may be are patched up. Then the inscription is put on, and the bell is solemnly dedicated. The casting is made quite as much a religious ceremony as it used to be in the Middle Ages in Europe. The whole district gathers to see the operation. Songs are sung and bands clash and play while the actual casting goes on; and sometimes the vast multitude is wrought up to such a state of enthusiasm that women and children throw in their necklaces and gold and silver bangles. Traces of these are to be seen in the inside of many bells. The workmen sometimes, in the case of large bells, try to strengthen them by twisting iron chains round the inner mold in the midst of the beeswax. Such a chain cable is distinctly to be seen in the great ninety-ton Mengoon bell. Since the "Great Monarch" of Moscow became a chapel this is actually the biggest bell in the world. The shape of Burmese bells is not handsome. They come straight down to the mouth like a barrel—not expanding at the rim, like those of European make. In this respect, therefore, the resemblance of pagodas to bells does not hold good with respect to those of Burmese make. But their tone is magnificent, and they are reserved for pagodas. A Burman never has a bell in his house; and it would, in fact, be of no use to him there if he had it. Englishmen do not use them, either, in the East; and throughout Burmah the bell is only used for sacred purposes.

A MUSICAL CONVICT.

AMONG the collection of "curiosities" in the warden's office at Sing Sing are several instruments of music made out of iron by a convict. They are a flute, a whistle, a piccolo and a flageolet, weighing from eight to sixteen ounces. The convict who made them had formerly been a musical instrument maker in Germany, and was detailed to work in the machine shops, whence he procured pieces of iron tubing, carried them to his cell, and at his leisure drilled the necessary holes with a pen-knife. There are no keys, and the uniform spacing and measurement of the holes were made by guess-work. The tone of these rough instruments is remarkably full and clear, and in the hands of a deft player can be made to produce surprising effects. The flageolet is the most finished of the four, and the fact that the maker had no means of testing its quality (on account of the prison discipline preventing him) adds to the interest of the novelty. The four instruments occupied his leisure moments for seven months, and when discovered in his mattress a fifth was in course of construction. They were at once confiscated, under the prison rules, notwithstanding the urgent plea of the prisoner to be allowed to retain one of them. In the hands of an obstinate convict they would make a dangerous weapon of offence—hence one of the reasons of confiscation.—*The Leader*.

Kunkel's Musical Review.

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It is not very likely that the present generation will have the pleasure of listening to many singers whose enunciation will make the words of their songs intelligible, we would suggest the universal adoption of the custom of giving on all concert programmes the verbal text of songs. Such a practice, besides enabling the listener to know what is being sung, would have the advantage of making both singers and auditors more critical in their selections of songs—for, divested of their musical dress, the deformities of many song "poems" (?) would stand out so bare that they never would be tolerated by people of average intelligence. As good music is seldom or never inspired by poor words, the adoption of this rule would result in the selection of better music for the concert stage, than is generally current.

JULY and August are usually the duller months of the year, musically. They are also, probably for that very reason, the months during which we receive the smallest number of new subscribers. In order to give our friends an extra incentive to send us new subscribers during these months, we have concluded to make an extraordinary offer, which ought to be enough to induce all to shake off the lethargy produced by the hot weather. *This offer will positively be withdrawn on the first of September next*; hence, all those who would avail themselves of it should do so forthwith. This is the offer: Until September 1st, 1883, Kunkel Brothers will give one of their unrivalled pocket metronomes, the CASH price of which is two DOLLARS as a premium for ONE NEW yearly subscriber, sent by any person already a subscriber to KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW, the only charge being ten cents (for packing and mailing) which must be sent on with the order. This will in no wise affect the premiums to which the subscriber is entitled. Persons not already subscribers who send in their own subscriptions during July and August, may also select one of Kunkel's Pocket Metronomes as premium—but in that case they will not receive any premium of music. Now, read this carefully, so that you may be sure you understand it, and then go to work. There is not one of our subscribers not already provided with a metronome that does not need one, and there is not one who cannot get us at least one new subscriber and thus secure the best metronome made, for nothing, during the time limited. This is an expensive "drive" for Kunkel Brothers, but we must on with the REVIEW "boom!" We have set our mark at one hundred thousand subscribers, and to get them we must have no falling of the waters during this month and next.

IN the June issue of *The Folio*, White, Smith & Co., Publishers, Boston, there appeared "Tis I Alone Can Tell," Riegg, which is a copyright publication of Kunkel Brothers'. It is due to Messrs. White, Smith & Co. to say that they explain that they were misled into thinking the song was a non-copyright by the fact that the words had been embodied in the libretto of "Heart and Hand" by manager Duff, without any note of their being copyrighted. They have withdrawn the song from the market and agreed upon an equitable settlement of the whole matter, which will doubtless have been carried into effect when this paper reaches our readers. Manager Duff, of the Standard Opera Company, has made himself liable for unauthorized use of copyright matter. Kunkel Brothers will not proceed against him, however, believing that the publication in the libretto has rather helped than hindered the sale of the piece—but he certainly ought to refund to White, Smith & Co. the cost of their plates, etc., since his oversight caused them the loss.

CHORUS SINGING.

R. TOMLINS did a meritorious act when he called attention to the fact that the teaching of singing as now practiced in the public schools of this country was probably more injurious than beneficial, and demonstrated practically that there is a better way. But is it not a fact that all the faults of the common school system of teaching singing exist in the large majority of choral organizations? and is it not time that leaders and members of such societies should learn to use a little common sense? Whenever a chorus is organized, the bait is held out to all those who have some sort of a voice and a limited ability to read music, that the training they will get in the chorus will be just so much valuable tuition obtained free. What is the result? Large numbers of untrained voices, some of them naturally good, of course, are brought together and the leader proceeds to—what? To teach them how to produce tone, how to use and strengthen the vocal organs by judicious practice? Not at all. That is not the purpose of the organization. Whatever is learned, in reference to these matters, must be learned incidentally altogether. The society may be organized ostensibly for the purpose of cultivating chorus singing, but really it is intended for the production in public of choral works. The leader, therefore, selects, say an oratorio, and forthwith rehearsals begin. Of course, there is no time, even if there were inclination, for individual instruction of the members; each part may be rehearsed separately a few times, and at these rehearsals gross mistakes of particular members may be corrected, but that is about the sum and substance of the training given to individuals. The conductor is striving for a result in which individual voices are factors, it is true, but only factors, worthy, in his estimate, of consideration only in so far as they affect the total. Persons who could not sing alone without weariness for ten minutes, sing almost without rest through a rehearsal of two hours, and because they cannot hear the huskiness and bad quality of tone of their own voices, in the mass of sound to which they contribute but a small part, they fondly imagine that they are learning to sing; that they can sing longer and better than when they began. What next? At the end of one season, more than half of them have ruined their voices beyond the possibility of recovery, though they not unfrequently go on year after year imagining that there is some special quality in their voices which makes them sweet and agreeable in chorus, although they are unendurable in solos.

We saw, not long since, an article from an English source, in which the evil we have just mentioned was acknowledged and the requirement of ability to read music suggested as a remedy. It is evident, however, that ability to read music can have no more to do with ability to produce voice naturally and without undue weariness than ability to read a poem has to do with its easy and correct elocutionary delivery. One of two things only can be done. Either no one should join a choral organization who does not already know how to produce tone correctly and without undue tax upon the vocal chords; or, if that be not practicable, the leader should give each new recruit the necessary instruction before he or she becomes finally incorporated into the chorus proper.

Until that is done, learning to sing in choral societies, male, female or mixed, will remain, as it has always been, "a delusion and a snare."

THE COLLEGE GRADUATE.

HUNDREDS of colleges have just closed their doors for another year and sent forth the usual quota of young people armed "for the battle of life" with the "sheepskins" which certify, in more or less classical Latin, that they have honorably completed the course of studies prescribed by their *Alma Mater*, and hundreds of cheap wits have ground out the annual grist of jibes at the college graduate and his little graduation speech. He is usually represented as full of self-conceit and unreasonable ambition, a dreamer by nature and a fool by education. We have again been told the usual number of times, in doubtful English, how this and that college valedictorian are now "only professors" in some noted institution, while so and so, who never had any other education than that afforded by a country common school, are now millionaires; the inference being, in every instance, that a liberal education is a hindrance rather than an advantage to its possessor. Now, is this so? If we should refer to such statistics as are available, we think that the claim that college-bred men have not prospered materially any more than those of much inferior education could probably be substantiated. If that is to be the test—if the value of a liberal education is to be measured by the dollars and cents which it may enable one to accumulate and hoard, then we would certainly advise our young friends to enter a junk-shop rather than a college, to learn how to charge and credit in a ledger rather than to spend their time on the pure mathematics, to study the uncertain movements of stocks under the manipulations of Gould or Vanderbilt, rather than the motions of the heavenly bodies in obedience to the immutable laws of the Almighty, to make themselves familiar with the language of "bulls" and "bears" rather than with that of Demosthenes or Cicero, to read market quotations rather than metaphysics, history or poetry and to cast aside as useless all the arts save that of getting as much and giving as little as possible for any determinate amount of money. We have enough, indeed we have already altogether too many, young men among us, who have gone through a college course in the vague hope that, in some way, their education would bring them money, and who, finding themselves distanced in the race for gold by ignorant men, make light of higher education and disgrace its cause.

But is this a proper measure of the value of education? It is related of Stephen Girard, the Philadelphia millionaire, that, upon being told by a new acquaintance that he must be perfectly happy, since he had all that wealth could furnish, he asked: "Would you be willing to assume the management of my estates for your board and clothes?" Astonished, his visitor answered in the negative. "That's

all I get!" replied Girard. This was no fancy estimate of the power of wealth alone. It can minister to physical wants or luxuries; nothing more. It may buy expensive boxes at the opera, it cannot give the appreciative brain, the educated ear that alone can feel its beauties; it may stock its libraries with the most luxurious editions of the choicest books, hang its walls with the costliest paintings, transport its owner to those spots which Nature, surpassing herself, has made most beautiful or sublime, but it cannot give the taste to enjoy any of these things; its hand is palsied and powerless when it would cause to vibrate a single one of those cords of the soul from which the deft hand of culture evokes such heavenly music. "Your college-bred youth is a dreamer," says old Lardoil, "why, he'll sit gazing at a stone for an hour at a time! What's the use?" None whatever, Lardoil, if he saw only what you see in the stone; but that dreamer has been given, by science, eyes that you have not, and the hour of what you call blank, stupid contemplation has been an hour spent in God's workshops, an hour of a pleasure which all your bank-stocks cannot enable you to feel. "He's a fool! Why, he wastes time reading metaphysics—a lot of guesses from a pack of visionaries who cannot agree among themselves!" Be silent, Lardoil! If you are not anointed to enter the holy of holies of the human mind divine; do not at least scoff at him who has penetrated some of the inner courts of that holy temple and whose lot is better than yours, since he reaps rich harvests from what you call barren ground!

Let the college graduate alone. He may not be worth as many dollars as his less educated neighbor, but he will get more true enjoyment of life in one day than the other will in a month; that is, if he will make proper use of the means constantly at his command. He will find soon enough that a mere "sheepskin" is not a thing with which to "fight the battle of life," but the culture to which it testifies will be more useful to him and to those about him than a mere bank account. Money-getting is much a matter of chance. If he does not get wealth, he will know how to do without it; if he obtains it, he will know how to use it, and that is more than many a wealthy ignoramus has ever learned.

STAGE JOKES.

WRITER in *The St. Louis Critic* says: Much has been written concerning the eccentricities of actors and actresses, but the French stage is especially rich in such incidents.

Frederick Lemaître, who created Robert Macaire, and so many of the leading rôles in Victor Hugo's greatest works, was a most incorrigible joker. Lemaître's bizarre tricks upon (as well as off) the stage were innumerable. They served to amuse the Parisians for nearly forty years and are still quoted. One evening, when he was playing Corregidor, Lemaître amused himself by deliberately turning off the gas and thus completely darkening the entire house. Another night he made a wager that he would, in the very midst of an act, give a pinch of snuff to the prompter, who, in a French theatre, is always placed in a sort of hole in the middle of the stage near the footlights.

He won his wager, and the entire audience writhed with laughter! A year later, in some other piece, it was a part of his rôle to carry the corpse of his young brother in his arms upon the stage. The actor who played this rôle was a certain Legat who so closely identified himself with the rôle, assuming the immobility of a corpse, that the audience, seized with astonishment, felt it to be its duty to applaud the little brother, and thus burst in upon one of the most beautiful tirades of Lemaître, very much to the disgust of the latter. Said Lemaître: "Voilà a jolly youth who has the impertinence to make himself applauded even when in my arms!" So he leaned over, whilst speaking his part, and blew into the nostrils of the dead brother. The latter did not budge! Then, yielding to a fit of despair, Frederick Lemaître pulled a handful of hair out of the head of the defunct.

Not a movement! Finally the big brother seemed to succumb to his grief, opened his arms and let the corpse fall on the stage! The dead body dropped without movement, his back struck the floor with a sounding thump. It was superb! The audience was excited. The bravos became frenzied and the illustrious comedian left the stage in a fury. During the night, Lemaître reflected seriously and discovered for the next evening's performance a method less cruel, but more efficacious. The next time he carried his dead brother in upon the stage he tickled him with great delicacy underneath the arms and on the soles of the feet. The unfortunate defunct could restrain himself no longer. He came suddenly to life again, burst into laughter, jumped on the floor and was hissed by the audience! That was just what Frederick wanted; the bravos of the spectators were thereafter all his own.

Lemaître was very selfish and begrudged all applause given to his fellow actors. He wanted it all for himself. Still he sometimes made fun of himself, even, and that, too, in a very witty fashion.

In 1847, at one of the last representations of "Robert Macaire," seeing that he was not recalled at the end of the piece, he ordered the curtain to be raised. Approaching the footlights, he said to the audience: "Gentlemen, I should like to know if Mr. Auguste is not here."

"Mr. Auguste made no response, and the spectators looked at one another in surprise.

"And Mr. Antoine? Is he not here, either?"

No response.

"Well, then, I'm the victim of the rascality of the chef and the sous-chef of the *claque*! This very morning I paid them fifty francs to have me recalled to-night, and they are not here, neither the one nor the other. You see, gentlemen, that I am robbed!" And the whole audience burst into a loud roar of laughter.

PRONUNCIATION IN SINGING.

FINGERS have to combine the arts of the musician, the public speaker, and to a certain extent, the actor. Clearness of pronunciation and correctness of emphasis are included in the range of their studies. Nor are these so easy of acquirement as many persons suppose. To a novice, the almost inevitable nervousness inseparable from the prominent position which a solo singer necessarily holds in the company, or before the audience to which he is singing, is very likely to render the enunciation less distinct and more rapid than is natural to him. His ear guides him less safely, and, in fact, every sense, influenced by the abnormal state of his nerves, is likely to play him more or less false.

A few words as to nervousness. You will often hear people boast that they are not the least nervous in public; and, perhaps, will feel inclined to envy them. Get rid of any such notion at once. If by "nervous" is meant "frightened," that is another thing altogether; and it is perfectly true that there are hundreds of persons who are not in the least afraid of appearing in public, nor affected by timidity when so appearing. But fear is only one form of nervousness. I firmly believe that it is impossible for a real artist ever to appear in public without being nervous. But the nerves act in many ways—the fervor of an eloquent speaker, carried away by his subject, the "abandon" of a fine actor thoroughly entering into his part and identifying himself with it; the sustained energy of a declamatory singer; the faultless and unerring agility of a florid *soprano*, who astonishes her hearers by wonder on wonder of execution—all these things are due, in their subtle charm, to nervousness—i. e., to delicate nervous organization in active play. These artists are not frightened, it is true, but excited, stimulated, roused from the normal state of eating, walking, and sleeping; something of the spiritual kindles the mere physical forces in them—some breath of inspiration sustains that living power which so influences the hearers. In some way or other, every great artist is always nervous; were it not so, the essence of his power would vanish. Persons of cold and phlegmatic temperament lack the very life-breath of art; and though they may train themselves into fair imitations of some great artists, they will generally be detected with ease, by any hearer of true sensibility, as imitations, not the real thing. Therefore do not be ashamed to admit that you are nervous, if it be so. Nerves are a cruel master, but a splendid servant; instead of letting them overcome you, force them to do your bidding; and instead of "nervousness" meaning "fear," you will find that it means courage and power to do your best.

Study correctness of pronunciation and propriety of emphasis quite apart from singing. Remember that in speaking or singing in a large space and to a number of persons, every sound must have not only additional force, but additional volume. And that comes to mean that every vowel sound in the words sung must be intensified, and every consonant be delivered with more accuracy than is necessary in ordinary speaking. If you were to pronounce the syllable "die" (for instance), in singing, exactly as you do in speaking, you would produce on the notes or note to which that word belonged a thinness of tone which would be very ugly, and probably would not "carry" far. And the same with any vowel-sound—even "Ah," or "Oh,"—which, though not producing a thin tone, would certainly produce a coarse one, if sung exactly as spoken in ordinary conversation.

THE GUITAR IN PORTUGAL.

THE guitar, writes a cold-blooded and carping Cockney, is certainly to our critical northern eyes an effeminate instrument, and the man who plays upon it in an English drawing room can no more hope to preserve any appearance of manly dignity than if he were piping upon a flageolet, or blowing into that most ludicrous of all instruments—the flute. That a man should be, as well as look, sentimentally emotional under the painful circumstances of being tied by a silk ribbon to such an instrument is, however, clearly a matter of conventionality. In many parts of Portugal men play upon the guitar naturally, as a matter of course; they strum as we Englishmen whistle. The peasants are universally given to play upon this instrument, not often, however, achieving more than a simple accompaniment to the voice of chords and arpeggios. In the towns the artisans are often guitar players, and as they walk to and fro from their work in twos and threes, they lighten their journey with an accompanied chant or song. My carpenter always brings his guitar with his tools when he comes on a job. He is a fair performer, but my blacksmith, I think, has a lighter touch on the instrument, and his tones are certainly fuller. When the Portuguese workman or day laborer has done a long day's labor he does not lean against a post and smoke a pipe—he does not favor any such "contemplative man's recreation"—nor does he linger in the wine shop; but if it be a holiday or a Sunday, and in a rural district, he puts on a clean shirt, with a large gold or silver stud as a neck fastening, and his newest hat, varying in shape according to locality, but always of black felt, and of the kind we see in pictures of Spanish life. He throws over his shoulders a black cloth cloak, with real gold or silver clasp. He takes in his hand, his favorite ox-goad, as tall as himself, straight as an arrow, well rounded and polished and bound with brass. He slings his guitar around his neck, and makes his way to the nearest fashionable threshing floor—the peasant's drawing room. Here are gathered old and young, of both sexes, come together for gossip, song and dance. If it is the time of the *ceifa*—the reaping of the maize—or the harvest, or the vintage, or above all the *de-camisadas*—the husking of the ear of the maize—and if corn or wine have yielded well, then are the peasants' hearts glad within them, and song and dance are more than ever joyous.

THE WHISTLING TENOR.

MORERE, the tenor, has been shut up in an asylum, incurably mad over his pet hobby—whistling. For years he cultivated that faculty, until he was able to emit a blast that would frighten the cab horses on the Boulevards of Paris and drive cornet players wild with envy. Once he was arrested and fined for disturbing the public peace, when he had only whistled an air while walking home from the opera—loud enough, however to wake up everyone within half a mile, more or less. On another occasion he was singing in "Faust" at the Grand Opera, and having a cold, gave some false notes. The audience hissed. Down he sprang into the Orchestra and cried: "Since you have begun to hiss, let me tell you that you don't understand the art in the least. Now, listen." Then he gave a whistle a minute long and loud enough to make a calliope sick. There was no more hissing and the opera went on. At present he believes himself commissioned to learn to whistle loud enough to drown the sounds of a locomotive and all the bells of Notre Dame together; and as he practices faithfully ten hours a day, his fellow lunatics in the asylum are most worthy objects of pity.—*Exchange*.

VULGARITY IN MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS.

MUCH has been written against *Dime Novels*, and the *Revolver-Literature* has been severely condemned, and justly so, for the productions in this line are positively injurious to the mind of the youthful reader and have caused grief and mortification in many a well regulated family. Has it ever occurred to your readers, that there are musical publications, equally poisonous to these young minds? equally disgusting and degrading?

The writer attended an otherwise first-class minstrel performance a few evenings since and had to listen to a thing, entitled: "*We never speak as we pass by.*" I don't intend to go into details, regarding it. Not trusting my ears, I purchased a copy for 4 cents and found in print, what no young lady or anybody, should read. I was told, it sells thousands of copies! This is a very encouraging sign for the taste of some of our "musical people," is it not? This production should be wiped out, and a professional company, perpetrating it, should be made to sing before empty benches.

This protest is not written with a view of increasing its sale, (forbidden fruit, etc.) but to call the attention of families to it. Read the vile poetry and it will disgust you; play "the slushy music" and you will wonder, how people will lower themselves by singing it. It is throwing mud at the fair goddess of music!

Fine the publishers of such obscene stuff heavily, and there will be no demand for "thousands of copies," while fine and musicianly compositions lie dead on the shelves.

LAKE SHORE.

[We endorse and would like to emphasize the remarks of our correspondent. We have seen the song referred to published in a musical journal. When adultery and prostitution are made the subject of song, it does seem as if something ought to be done to stop the nefarious business. Still, there are people who find pleasure in visiting morgues and gazing upon bloated and decomposed corpses, and if people choose such music, they have themselves mainly to blame; but editors and publishers of journals who select such nameless stuff to send into families and schools, ought to be horse-whipped by the first honest man whose home they have thus desecrated.—EDITOR.]

LITTLE TOMMY TUCKER.

ONLY three persons were in the car; a merchant, deep in the income list of the *Traveller*, an old lady with two bandboxes, a man in the corner with his hat pulled over his eyes.

Tommy opened the door, peeped in, hesitated, looked into another car, came back, gave his little fiddle a shove on his shoulder, and walked in.

"Hi, little Tommy Tucker
Plays for his supper,"

shouted a young exquisite, lounging on the platform in tan-colored coat and lavender kid gloves.

"O, kids, you're there, are you? Well, I'd rather play for it than loaf for it, I had," said Tommy, stoutly.

The merchant shot a careless glance over the top of his paper at the sound of this *petit dialogue*, and the old lady smiled benignly; the man in the corner neither looked nor smiled.

Nobody would have thought, to look at that man in the corner, that he was at that very moment deserting a wife and five children. Yet that is precisely what he was doing.

A villain? O, no, that is not the word. A brute? Not by any means. Weak, unfortunate, discouraged, and selfish, as weak, unfortunate, and discouraged people are apt to be; that was the amount of it. He had drifted to the theatre in the evenings—he did not care now to remember how many times—the fellows asked him, and it made him forget his troubles; the next morning his empty purse would gape at him, and Annie's mouth would quiver. A man must have his glass, too, on Sun days, and—well—perhaps a little oftener. He had not always been fit to go to work after it; and Annie's mouth would quiver. It will be seen at once that it was exceedingly hard on a man that his wife's mouth should quiver. "Confound it! Why couldn't she scold or cry? These still women aggravate a fellow beyond reason."

The children had stopped going to school; "they could not buy the new arithmetic," their mother said, half under her breath. Yesterday there was

nothing for dinner but johnny-cake, not a large one at that. To-morrow the rent would be due. Annie talked about pawning one of the bureaus. Annie had had great purple rings under her eyes for six weeks.

He would not bear the purple rings and quivering mouth any longer. He hated the sight of her, for the sight stung him. He hated the whole dreary, dragging, needy home. Once fairly rid of him, his scolding and drinking, his wasting and failing, Annie would send the children to work, and find ways to live. She had energy and invention, a plenty of it, in her young, fresh days, before he came across her life to drag her down. Perhaps he should make a golden fortune and come back to her some summer day with a silk dress and servants, and make it all up; in theory this was about what he expected to do. But if his ill luck went westward with him, and the silk dress never turned up, why, she would forget him, and be better off, and that would be the end of it.

So here he was, ticketed and started, fairly bound for Colorado, sitting with his hat over his eyes, thinking about it.

"Hm-m. Asleep," pronounced Tommy, with his keen glance in the corner. "Guess I'll wake him up."

He laid his cheek down on his little fiddle—you don't know how Tommy loved that little fiddle—and struck up a gay, rollicking tune:

"I care for nobody, and nobody cares for me."

The man in the corner sat quite still. When it was over, he shrugged his shoulders.

"When folks are asleep they don't hist their shoulders, not as a general thing," observed Tommy. "We'll try another."

Tommy tried another. Nobody knows what possessed the little fellow, the little fellow himself least of all; but he tried this:

"We've lived and loved together,
Through many changing years."

It was a new tune, and he wanted practice, perhaps.

The speed of the train increased with a sickening sway; old wharves shot past, with the green water sucking at their piers; the city shifted by out of sight.

"We've lived and loved together,"

played Tommy, in a little plaintive wail,

"We've lived and loved—"

"Confound the boy!" Harmon pushed up his hat with a jerk, and looked out of the window. The night was coming on. Against lonely signal-houses and little deserted beaches the water was plashing drearily, and playing monotonous basses to Tommy's wail:

"Through many changing years,
Many changing years."

It was a nuisance, this music in the cars. Why didn't somebody stop it? What did the child mean by playing that? They had left the city far behind now. He wondered how far. He pushed up the window fiercely, venting the passion of the music on the first thing that came in his way, as men will, and thrust his head out to look back. Somewhere there, in among the quavering warmth, was our—What was that boy about now? Not "Home, sweet Home"? But that was what Tommy was about.

They were lighting the lamps now in the cars. Harmon looked at the conductor's face, as the sickly yellow flare struck on it, with a curious sensation. He wondered if he had a wife and five children; if he ever thought of running away from them; what he would think of a man who did; what most people would think; what she would think. She—ah, she had it all to find out yet.

"There's no place like home,"

said Tommy's little fiddle.

"O, no place like home."

There, in the lighted home out upon the flats, that had drifted by forever, she sat waiting now. It was about time for him to be in to supper; she was beginning to wonder a little where he was; she was keeping the coffee hot, and telling the children not to touch their father's pickles; she had set the table and drawn the chairs; his pipe lay filled for him upon the shelf over the stove. The baby was fretting—the baby always fretted toward night—and she was walking about with him; walking very slowly and weakly; singing now and then. Her face in the light was worn and white; the dark rings very dark; she was trying to hush the boys, teasing for their supper; begging them to wait a few minutes, only a few minutes, he would surely be here then. She would put the baby down presently, and stand at the window with her hands—Annie's hands were not once so thin—raised to shut out the light—watching, watching.

The children would eat their supper; the table would stand untouched, with his chair in its place;

still she would go to the window, and stand watching, watching. O the long night that she must stand watching, and the days and the years!

"Sweet, sweet home,"

played Tommy.

By-and-by there was no more of "Sweet Home."

"How about that cove with his head lopped down on his arms?" speculated Tommy, with a business-like air.

He had only stirred once; then put his face down again. But he was awake, awake in every nerve; and listening to the very curve of his fingers. Tommy knew that; it being part of his trade to learn how to use his eyes.

The sweet loyal passion of the music—it would take worse playing than Tommy's to drive the sweet, loyal passion out of Annie Laurie—grew above the din of the train.

"'Twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true."

She used to sing that, thought the man—this other Annie of his own. Why, she had been his own, and he had loved her once. How he had loved her! Yes, she used to sing that, when he went to see her on Sunday nights before they were married; in her pink, plump, pretty days, Annie used to be very pretty.

"Gave me her promise true,"

hummed the little fiddle.

"That's a fact," said poor Annie's husband, jerking the words out under his hat, "and kept it too, she did."

Ah, how Annie had kept it! The whole dark picture of her married years—the days of work and pain, the nights of watching, the patient voice, the quivering mouth, the tact, and the planning, and the trust for to-morrow; the love that had "borne all things, believed all things, hoped all things," uncomplaining—rose into outline to tell him how she had kept it.

"Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shown on,"

suggested the little fiddle.

That it should be darkened forever, the sweet face! and that he should do it—he, sitting here, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

"And ne'er forget will I,"

murmured the little fiddle.

He would have knocked the man down who had told him twenty years ago that he ever would forget; that he would be here to-night with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

But it was better for her to be free from him. He and his cursed ill luck were a drag on her and the children, and would always be. What was that she had said once?

"Never mind, Jack. I can bear anything as long as I have you."

And here he was, with his ticket bought, bound for Colorado.

He wondered if it were ever too late in the day for a fellow to make a man of himself. He wondered.

"And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee,"

sang the little fiddle, triumphantly.

Harmon shook himself, and stood up. The train was slackening; the lights of a way station shown bright ahead. It was about time for supper and his mother, so Tommy put down his fiddle and handed around his faded cap.

The merchant threw him a penny and returned to his tax list. The old lady was fast asleep with her mouth open.

"Come here," growled Harmon, with his eyes very bright. Tommy shrank back, almost afraid of him.

"Come here," softening, "I won't hurt you. I tell you, boy, you don't know what you have done to-night."

"Done, sir?" Tommy couldn't help laughing, though there was a twinge of pain at his stout little heart, as he fingered the solitary penny in the faded cap. "Done? Well, I guess I waked you up, sir, which was about what I meant to do."

"Yes, that is it," said Harmon, very distinctly, pushing up his hat, "you've waked me up. Here, hold your cap."

They had puffed into the station now, and stopped. He emptied his purse into the little cap, shook it clean of paper and copper alike, was out of the car and off the train before Tommy could have said Jack Robinson.

"My eyes!" gasped Tommy, "that chap had a ticket for New York, sure! Methuselah! Look a'here! One, two, three,—must have been crazy; that's it, crazy."

"He'll never find out," muttered Harmon, turning away from the station-lights, and striking back

through the night for home. "He'll never find out what he has done, nor please God, shall she."

It was late when he came in sight of the house; it had been a long tramp across the tracks, and hard; being stung by a bitter wind from the east all the way, tired with the monotonous tread of the sleepers, and with crouching in perilous niches to let the trains go by.

She stood watching at the window, as he had known that she would stand; her hands raised to her face; her figure cut out against the warm light of the room.

He stood still a moment and looked at her, hidden in the shadow of the street, thinking his own thoughts. The publican in the old story hardly entered the beautiful temple with more humble step than he his home that night.

She sprang to meet him, paler with her watching and fear, and he felt her arms about his neck.

"Worried, Annie, were you? I haven't been drinking; don't be frightened—no, not the theatre, either, this time. Some business dear; business that delayed me. I'm sorry you were worried, I am, Annie. I've had a long walk. It is pleasant here. I believe I'm tired, Annie."

He faltered, and turned away his face.

"Dear me," said Annie, "why, you poor fellow, you are all tired out. Sit right up here by the fire, and I will bring the coffee. I've tried so hard not to let it boil away, you don't know, Jack, and I was so afraid something had happened to you."

Her face, her voice, her touch, seemed more than he could bear for a minute, perhaps. He gulped down his coffee, choking.

"Annie, look here." He put down his cup, trying to smile and make a jest of the words. "Suppose a fellow had it in him to be a rascal and nobody ever knew it, eh?"

"I should rather not know it, if I were his wife," said Annie, simply.

"But you couldn't care anything more for him, you know, Annie?"

"I don't know," said Annie, shaking her head with a little perplexed smile, "You would be just Jack, anyhow."

Jack coughed, took up his coffee-cup, set it down hard, strode once or twice across the room, kissed the baby in the crib, kissed his wife, and sat down again, winking at the fire.

"I wonder if He had anything to do with sending him," he said presently, under his breath.

"Sending whom?" asked puzzled Annie.

"Business, dear, just business. I was thinking of a boy who did a little job for me to-night, that's all."

And that is all that she knows to this day about the man sitting in the corner, with his hat over his eyes, bound for Colorado.—*Watchman*.

AMATEUR, PROFESSIONAL, PROFESSOR, VIEWED RATIONALLY.

AN excellent musician—who is also a luminous *litterateur*—recently said: "Amateurs who practice diligently several hours daily, after the manner of professionals, are no longer amateurs—they are professionals." I dislike to differ from one whose broad views I generally indorse; but it is the occasional fallacies of eminent writers and instructors which most need correction, because they are liable to be adopted as unquestionable truisms by the mass of readers. Some who read the ensuing strictures may deride me as hypercritical and unduly egotistical: *n'importe*;—In musical—and indeed in all—matters, my actions and utterances are regulated by this maxim: "He who knows the world *well* will not be too bashful; and he who also knows *himself* well will not be too impudent." The literal meaning of "amateur" is lover. The term, musically, is applied to one who studies and cultivates music, from pure love of the art, as an elegant accomplishment and chaste recreation, and not, in any degree, as a means of support. When he exacts pay for his services, money so acquired is used to increase his facilities and extend his resources in music only.

The "professional," on the contrary, is a musician "by trade"—so to speak;—one who attends to music as the business of his life,—as his only means of support, or source of income. The amateur's attention to his life business, in most cases, precludes the possibility of his practicing "several hours daily." The professional has his whole time for study and practice, with—in most instances—no distracting interests dividing his time. But admitting that the amateur has large leisure, and that he fills several hours a day with musical practice, the daily practice of the two cannot, in the nature of things, be the same or even similar. The pro-

fessional practices with a sort of life and death feeling of responsibility upon him which spurs up his mental concentration and rapid thinking, in every kind of musical exercises, or gymnastics, to fit him to read with fluency, accuracy, spirit and expression—"at sight"—any music placed before him. The amateur's practice, on the other hand, is of the loose, diffuse and pleasurable order, mainly confined to the mastery of special parts and solos.

Again, the amateur is—generally speaking—almost exclusively a performer, vocally or instrumentally; while the term "professional" is applied to eminent composers of music, whose performing abilities are, or may be, very mediocre.

That class termed, by courtesy, "semi-professionals" who run a trade, a saloon, a grocery or "what not," with a "musical attachment," as a sort of "side issue" for support, and who affect to look down on amateurs—many of whom are their musical superiors—and who are, in turn, despised by genuine professionals, are neither "fish, flesh nor fowl." of them I have nothing to say except that they are too mercenary to be either amateurs or professionals, are hindrances to the musical interests of both, and are generally a source of reproach to the art with the outside world. Neither have I anything to say of that class, *yclept* "natural musicians" who "make a little moooseek," but are *not* musicians.

Genuine professional performers, or experts, are such as are "at home" in grand concert, oratorio and opera orchestras—and the like—where every variety of music is presented, much—or all—of which may be new to them: there are, to be sure, rehearsals of such, not for learning parts however, but merely to perfect the *tout ensemble* of the orchestra and stage, or orchestra alone, as the case may be.

The player who blunders or falters in his part—even at such rehearsals, loses caste—or prestige—forever. Thus, the practice and mental discipline for such every day ordeals by him whose family support depends on his efficiency, and the self-indulgent sensuous practice of him whose object is mere pleasure and mild emulation, are not at all comparable.

The human mind is too lazy to submit itself to such severe schooling where no necessity exists, and the amateur has no approximate conception of the severe nature of such ordeals and responsibilities.

There are several classes of "professionals" besides the genuine class indicated: for instance, take those, *en famille* style, who are, originally, good amateurs only, but in time become a prey to the delusion that "they know it all," and so conclude to go through the country towns giving concerts. Their *répertoire* is usually very limited and light; the programme:—they have but one for a whole season—is selected and fashioned after the small variety theatre style of entertainment; it is hammered into smooth running shape by loose but labored daily practice for weeks prior to launching out. This programme is rendered at each place without change, through a season of six or eight months. Members of such troupes are called—or rather call themselves professionals; and they are, in so far as making a living by music is concerned; (and so are perpendicular fiddle scrapers) but they are not to be considered for one moment, in any degree, as professional experts. By continually performing the same pieces, they become very expert indeed in the rendering of their popular but thin and meretricious specialties; so much so, indeed, that, like persons humming or whistling, their minds may be occupied with any other matter than the music they perform. Most of these would be lost after leaving the first bar of a strange piece of music among professional musicians.

Another class of professionals are music teachers of all schools and degrees; a large portion of them, move notably in amateur band schools, their most ardent apologists will hardly concede to them the title of experts, in any musical sense of the word; but they contrive to live by music, *ergo*, they are professionals! or more properly speaking, they are professional art-blood suckers; and on the cards of them all, the majestic "Prof." is duly prefixed to their names.

"Professor" is not synonymous with, nor even akin to professional; for, although Webster defines "Professor" as "one who publicly teaches any science or branch of learning, etc.," his *dictum* is unsound, and the source of many honest but fallacious deductions, he being a recognized referee. Now this lexicographer is not an authority above appeal; many of his definitions are only loose and general acceptations of meanings.

Scrub teachers of "country bands," *et hoc genus omne*, are not "professed" in Europe. Professor is a title conferred by authority, and is not to be assumed by any pretentious upstart. The great multitude may apply the term in derision to any nobody, or in courtesy to any some-body; but literally, the term applies only to a high grade of pedagogues, such as appointed members of the faculty

of a college or university; before joining and after leaving which, they are *not* professors.

Nearly all the great musicians of the past were teachers—as are they of the present. Some took only scions of royalty and nobility, and plebeian prodigies. Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Haydn, Handel, and others were teachers; and yet the veriest greenhorn can imagine how these great masters would have recoiled from any address but their mere surnames. Lablache had a full class of vocal scholars among the nobility in London, headed by Queen Victoria in her youth; but does any one think that his illustrious pupils addressed or spoke of him by any title but the surname which his grand endowments and genius had ennobled?

Again look at home, in the present time, how would S. B. Mills, the great piano virtuoso and teacher of New York City feel if addressed as "Professor Mills?" Indeed, "professor" is now the most sadly prostituted and persecuted word in our language. It was once applied only to a class of men who filled the highest seats in the universities, and implied profound erudition and many accomplishments. Professors were, mostly, gentlemen of great refinement of mind and manners, accustomed to the best society, and welcomed as men of great capacity for affording solid, rational and agreeable entertainment. But now-a-days it is difficult to discriminate between the "chaff and the wheat," in the legions of persons, whose names are published with the prefix "Professor," until *they* and the nature of their business are fully known. Under cover of Webster's loose definition of the term, common schoolmasters—abecedarians—are professors, forsooth! And "professor" is used as an impressive and convenient handle by dabblers in all sorts of business, the aim of which is to make a snug living out of the public, with but little outlay of anything but impudence; prominent among whom are conductors, lion-tamers, horse-breakers, necromancers, fortune-tellers, abortionists, etc. No man of sterling ability, outside of college guarantee, wishes to be classed, by title, with such a motley, disreputable crew.

Still the best of musicians, while in the capacity of music teachers in country towns, must not be too fastidious. In truly rural—(too-ra-looral) regions if one objects to being called "professor," and proudly discards this prefix to his name in his concert programmes, he will professionally commit *felo de se* or *Hari Kari*, and indite his own obituary in that locality.

W. H. NEAVE.

AN INTERVIEW WITH A PRIMA DONNA.

DOUBTLESS our *confrères* of the New York press have chuckled to themselves more than once at the thought that, if they could not rival KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW in other respects, they could "scoop" it in the way of interviews with *prime donne*. The safety of the republic, the condition of the crops, the next presidential election, the future of art in America and a thousand other things too numerous to mention, depend, as our readers know, upon the opinions and doings of half a dozen *prime donne*. It is no wonder then, that we should have contemplated with dread the possibility of being distanced in giving these important news to a justly anxious nation. After spending many nights in sleepless thought—we say nothing of the expenditure of money, for money is nothing to us, when the welfare of the greatest nation on earth, or elsewhere, is at stake—we succeeded in inventing a *prima donna interviewing machine* which is intended to grind interviews with *prime donne* for five years in advance. We have already filed our caveat and will soon apply for a patent, as our readers will see, from the sample of its work given below, that our machine needs but few improvements to make it perfect. Should any one wish to join us in forming a stock company, we will say right here, that the stock will be divided into one thousand shares at the par value of one thousand dollars each—all of which will be for sale, as we are on the track of a still bigger scheme.

Having set the gauge for the latitude and longitude of the port of New York, and the hair-trigger to the altitude of Patti, we set the steam-electromagnetic-lye-power-motor going, and were soon rewarded with the following interview, warranted to keep in any climate.

At last the ship was sighted, and the pilot boat, which we had chartered for the occasion, made straight for the object of our search. What a moment of anxiety! Might not the cable have deceived us when it flashed across the Atlantic that Patti was on board the "Leviathan?"—Might not Abbey have manned a pirate ship and captured Mapleson's chief songstress in mid-ocean? But when we had come to within a quarter of a mile of the ship, all our

fears were ended. From the steamer there came a faint odor of garlic and musk, mixed, and we knew the *diva* was on board. The captain refused to stop for us, but Patti, hearing a commotion, had come on deck, and recognizing in us an old and trusted friend, commanded the captain to stop the ship—which he immediately did—and we stepped on board. The *diva* invited us into her private apartments where we found a gentleman (French evidently) to whom she introduced us as her husband.


"Ah, Marquis," we said, "glad to see you!" He seemed somewhat embarrassed and said to Mme. Patti: "*Qu'est-ce qu'il dit?*" Not understanding his reply, we asked the *diva* to repeat his answer in English. "He says," said she, "that he is very well indeed, and rejoices in the prospect of soon setting foot upon the soil of the greatest country in the world." We had no idea that French could express so many things in so few words, but resisting all temptations to expatiate upon this interesting subject, we assured the *diva* that what had made our country great was the fact that *she* was an American; then we asked: "Have you been well during your voyage?" The Marquis—i. e. the gentleman whom the *diva* had introduced to us as her husband—was searching through a French-English conversation book, and we heard him translate our last remark to himself as follows: "Have you—*avez vous*, been, *haricots*—well, *bien*—during, *pendant*—your voyage—*votre voyage*." He gave the *diva* a strange look and said: "*Que demande-t-il? Si nous avons bien mangé des haricots pendant le voyage?*" The *diva* made some rapid reply and explained to us that her husband had mistaken *beans* for *beans*, and thought we were inquiring about the bill of fare. Then she told us she had been well most of the time, although she added, "Three or four times, as Wagner says in *The Flying Dutchman* we had to seek the seclusion that the cabin grants." "And once" continued she, "the ship would have been lost but for Nicolini and me." (Nicolini seems to be the given name of the Marquis de Caux, who, as every one knows, is Patti's husband.) "There was a terrible storm; the sea rose mountains high; the captain had given up in despair—what do you think we did?"—"Like Orpheus you sang the waves to rest!" we replied. "No," said she, with a smile, "that is very pretty, but I really did not try it, so I do not know how the charm would have worked. But you have heard of 'oil on troubled waters'?" Now, Nicolini had a bottle of St. Jacob's Oil in our trunk. He thought of it—gave it to me and I poured it upon the writhing ocean. It must have had the rheumatism, for it forthwith grew calmer, and in less than an hour was sleeping in its rocky bed like an infant in its cradle.

"Will you ask the Marquis how he likes America?" The fair songstress translated our remarks into the Gallic vernacular and the Marquis answered: "*Qu'ils sont bêtes ces Américains!*" "What did the Marquis say?" we inquired. "He says," explained the great *prima donna*, "that America is a great country; the finest in the world; that its newspapers are the best, its people the most cultured and that he seriously thinks of making it a permanent home." Addie is evidently a lightning translator!

"Which do you consider the most intellectual city in the United States?" was our next question. "Let me see" said the lady. "what city are you from?" "From St. Louis, *Marquise!*" "Oh yes, yes; well St. Louis is far ahead of all other American cities in the appreciation of the best class of music, and far surpasses London, Vienna and Paris in all those things in which artists revel."

At this point, there was a sudden strain on our interviewing machine; one of the springs gave way, and, as the "devil" yells "copy," we must send this interview to press before it is entirely ground out; but the machine will soon be repaired and our New York exchanges may now put on sack-cloth, for they can't "scoop" us even in interviews with those intellectual leaders of the age, otherwise known as *prime donne*.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT PUBLIC SINGERS.

 O the public singer, more perhaps than to any other artist, sympathetic appreciation quickly and naturally manifested by the audience is everything. The painter and the poet, if they have the courage that comes from a complete consciousness of their peculiar gifts, may work on in the solitude of their studies, confident that what one generation refuses to consider another may give rightful place among the immortal achievements of human genius and skill. The composer may be misunderstood, misinterpreted, neglected; but his score survives him, and may yet be rendered

to an admiring world by some musician who had not begun the first music of the cradle when its author became silent in the grave. Even the actor, though his success depends largely upon sympathy in his audience, is not under so great obligations to it as the singer, by as much as the dramatist and the scene-painter play a more important and observable part than the composer. Words may express an idea, however clumsily or coldly spoken; but the expression of the more delicate and fleeting emotions and suggestions of songs must be created almost entirely by the singer, who is all the while conscious that unless they fall upon sensitive and sympathetic ears, they pass forever out of existence with their own brief echoes. A great English poet tells us that:

"Music when soft voices die, vibrates in the memory."

But it is only in the memory of such souls as have some responsive music of their own.

The audience that exhibits the most sympathetic appreciation gets the best music. There is no power in mechanical singing, and the hearers will always feel its lifelessness, whether they understand its cause or not. Singing may be said to find its level. It cannot stir the nature of the hearer to any deeper depth, or exalt his enthusiasm to any higher height, than the depth and height of the singer's own heart and soul.

From the nature of the case, there must be a certain amount of tediousness or weariness in singing the same piece many times over. Yet a song which gives fitting expression to any genuine emotion of the human heart, which in any way arrives at that touch of nature that makes the whole world akin, is one of the most durable of all things in art or literature. And it must be remembered that each public rendering is an experience more or less peculiar to itself. Different audiences, different auspices, different stage companionship, different arrangements for sound and light and ventilation,—above all, the every-varying experiences of one's own private life, which may be vividly present to the singer, while hidden from the audience—all these things have their effect upon the performance. Sometimes the singer is able, for no apparently adequate reason, to outdo, in a marked degree, her efforts at other times. At the least unexpected event, however, she may become hoarse, and her vocal organs refuse to respond. It has been found absolutely impossible to train the voice sufficiently to enable it to overcome such causes of depression. Any measure of sadness immediately makes itself felt in the effort, and mars the execution.

In my judgment, the American people, during the past twelve years, have made wonderful progress in the power to appreciate good music. They no longer accept a foreign artist without question, solely on the strength of a European reputation. It is true they will go once to see or hear a person who has made a noise abroad; because they have money, and probably quite as much curiosity as other people. But they will not continue to patronize that which does not suit their taste or commend itself to their judgment. So far as my observation goes, the appreciation of good music in the principal cities of the United States is fully equal to that of European capitals. It is evinced by a deep sympathy which is felt at the very beginning of a performance. In the Eastern and Middle States, the audiences appear to have a more deliberate judgment, a disposition to consider and compare, before committing themselves to full approval, but the response is hearty and cheery when it comes. In the West and South it is quicker in its expression. The musical cultivation and judgment of the Americans are shown in the prompt recognition of the best passages; they appear to realize what is generally fine in the art. Mozart, Beethoven, Meyerbeer and Wagner are as thoroughly understood here as in European cities, and the expression of appreciation is stronger. Even in small places, I have been agreeably surprised at the manifestations of an intelligent enjoyment of classical music.

This state of things is probably owing to the fact that in one sense there is so little provincialism in America. The Americans are great travelers, and have unequalled facilities for travel. They think nothing of going from one end of the country to the other, whenever business, health or pleasure demands it. And they remove their homes from one section to another with almost equal ease. They are at home everywhere. Brothers and sisters live in the most distant parts of the land, and scarcely realize that they are not near neighbors. The consequence is that one finds substantially the same society, the same institutions, the same education, and the same degree of refinement in Chicago, St. Louis or San Francisco, as in New York, Philadelphia or Boston. It may almost be said that there is no intellectual metropolis; and those differences in dialect which make sharp distinctions between

people of neighboring counties and provinces in Europe, are here entirely wanting.

The abundance of wealth in the United States, and the spirit of enterprise that does not fear to invest it on a large scale in any worthy undertaking, may be seen in the great number of excellent halls and opera houses, where musical performances may be rendered to the best advantage. I have been as well satisfied with the acoustic effect of the rooms in which I have sung in America, as with those of European cities. It was a surprise and delight to find a perfect gem of an opera-house so far west as Denver. The Academy of Music in Philadelphia I consider second only, in acoustic properties, to the Grand Opera-House at Vienna, which is the finest in the world.

God has intrusted to me the gift of melody, and endowed me also with enthusiasm for its exercise. I love to sing and cannot help it; it is my life and my enjoyment. But if my auditors in America have received any genuine pleasure from it, I can assure them it is in a great degree due to their own responsive sympathy, which has made the benefit and the obligation mutual.—*Alleged to have been written by Mme. Nilsson, for North American Review.*

MUSIC-TRADE ODDITIES.

"What have been your oddest experiences with purchasers of musical wares?" we asked of N. Lebrun, a few days since. "I have had a great many funny experiences, but I can't remember them all just now. Now, there was one fellow who came in from somewhere in Illinois and said he wanted some easy music for a brass band. I asked him if the E flat cornet had a good *embouchure*, a good lip. Well, he did not know about the "m-be-sure" but his lip was all right. I asked him then how high he could play, and he said he could play high up, 'way up, he could play up to six-eighths time, and no amount of questioning could evolve any further information than that he could play 'way up, up to six-eighths time. "Then" continued Lebrun, "there was another genius who wrote me that he was the possessor of a concert flute in D.; that he wished to join a brass band, but that the leader had told him all the instruments in a brass band were in B flat, and he wanted me to send him, immediately, "a B flat crook for his D flute." Mr. Lebrun forgot to tell us whether he accommodated him or not. "Then there was another chap from some place in Indiana" continued our informer, whose reminiscences seemed to be stimulated by the telling, "who ordered a set of second-hand instruments. The instruments were sent. After some three weeks, he wrote again that there was no one in the band or anywhere in the neighborhood who could teach any of the instruments sent, and would I not send a teacher. I wrote him I could get no one to go. I heard nothing from him for some time, but eventually there came a letter ordering some additional goods, in which he told me he had taught all the band, and that they were doing very nicely. The letter was very oddly written, and after signing it, the fellow gave himself the title of *Bro Vesser off musik on all de inshtumends except E flat cornet and E flat tuba.*" Just then a customer came in and we left.

"The only thing I can think of just now, that you could call funny, said J. L. Peters, (and I remember it because it is quite recent) was the case of a woman who must have weighed at least three hundred pounds, coming in and asking for "Put me in my little bed." The clerk who waited upon her, noticing her size, could not help but smile, as he informed her that we were just out of the piece, but that we had the answer: "In her little bed we laid her." Then came her turn to smile as she answered "Oh no, you could not!"

"I'm busy to-day" said Mr. Charles Balmer, "or I could tell you many an anecdote of a ridiculous nature. Not the worst is this: Some years ago, a lady came in and said she wanted some of Wagner's music. She was shown a number of piano arrangements of Wagner's compositions. Then she asked to have them played. Mr. Hertel, then one of my employees, played piece after piece; still that was not what she wanted. At last, Hertel, who had been playing well-nigh an hour and was becoming exhausted, told her he was afraid he could not suit her. "Well, said she blandly, what I want is some of Wagner's music without sharps or flats. Haven't you some Wagner music without sharps or flats?"

THE Vandalia Line is offering very low rates for Summer Excursion tickets to Minnesota, Wisconsin and Eastern points. It will be worth your while to call on Mr. Colburn, their old and reliable Ticket Agent at 100 North Fourth Street, before you settle your route for your summer trip.

HOW TO SELECT A PIANO.

BE borrow the following sensible and practical remarks from Geo. Steck & Co.'s last catalogue. That they should give intending purchasers such directions for selecting the best instruments, and thus invite close scrutiny of their own pianos, is strong evidence that they do not fear the results of a thorough examination.

In selecting a good piano from a variety of instruments, the chief object naturally should be to find one which combines, as nearly as possible, all those qualities which render it both pleasing and sympathetic in tone, as well as solid and durable in construction.

The quality of tone should be first considered, the question to be decided being whether the tone is sonorous, full, and strong, and at the same time sweet and agreeable to the ear, and not sharp and offensive. With this is coupled the question whether the tone responds easily to the softest pressure of the key, and whether the touch of the key, on applying a different force, will also produce a proportionate tone. This ought to be the fact throughout the entire scale, and if this is the case the piano may be considered as being of good quality and evenness of tone. A piano, when lightly touched, may be found sweet and pleasing to the ear, but when a little force is used it will yield only a shrill, trembling noise, without any distinct, pure, and round tone being heard at all.

Not only should the different octaves be equal in the tone of their several keys, but the same character of sound should prevail in the piano from the lowest to the highest note. The labor and expense of regulating a piano in the above mentioned manner is so great as to prevent manufacturers who do not make strictly first-class instruments from bestowing the necessary attention upon this part of the manufacture; instead of this, however, they make the tone "brilliant," as they call it, in order to hide the defects in the evenness of the piano, resulting in either the bass being too noisy, or the treble too sharp, so that the ear is very soon offended by the sound.

The action of the piano must be elastic and the touch easy, although not light enough to cause a rattling of the keys after a short period of use. A heavy, unyielding action tires the player out and makes the piano disagreeable.

These are the main points to be considered in selecting a good Piano.

The integrity of a well known manufacturer should be a safe guarantee that he uses only the best material, dry and well-seasoned wood, substantial braces, good strings, etc., in manufacturing the instrument. As a matter of course, every manufacturer tries to make the outside appearance of his Pianos as attractive as possible, but the purchaser should not be influenced by the faultless exterior finish alone in selecting a piano. The real merit should be sought in the perfection of the action and the inner construction of the instrument. Poor pianos may be fitted up in most elegant style, but after a little wear they fail to give satisfaction.

MUSIC IN ST. LOUIS.

It is summer in St. Louis as well as elsewhere, and indoor concerts are practically at an end. At Uhrig's Cave and the Pickwick two light opera companies have been playing to fair audiences *ad fresco*. At the Pickwick, the St. Quinten company, opened in "Silver Rock" a Chicago production. The company is extremely bad, the play was worse, if possible, and Miss St. Quinten wisely withdrew it, substituting "The Chimes of Normandy." In this, Miss St. Quinten appears to good advantage as *Serpolette*, but her support is miserable. Ford's Opera Company, at the Cave, is much better—in fact is a good summer company. They have been playing Gilbert and Sullivan's later operas and have done them in very good style. Miss Letitia Fritch, the *prima donna*, sang only one week here with the company, because she found the open-air singing impairing her health and endangering her voice. We were out of the city the week she sang and therefore have not had an opportunity of seeing whether she has continued in the rapid improvement which we noted when she was here with Strakosch. Miss. Elissing, who took Miss Fritch's place, has a pleasing voice and is a fair actress. She gives promise of developing into a very good light-opera soprano. Phil. Branson, has the best voice in the troupe, but he acts too much a *la* Brignoli. In other words, he has not yet outgrown his concert experience and is seldom what the French would call thoroughly *en scene*. Mr. Seymour, the comic man, does not need much voice and yet has none to spare, but he is an excellent comedian and the prime favorite of the public; justly so too. To him also, as stage manager, is due most of the credit for the excellent histrionic training and artistic grouping of the chorus.

At the commencement of Mrs. Cuthbert's Seminary, which occurred at St. Mark's Lutheran Church on June 14th, the music, under the direction of Mr. A. J. Epstein, was a notable feature. The most noticeable members were "Masaniello Overture" (Duet) *Melotte*, which was played with great expression by Misses Nellie Mussey and Roberta Newell, "Operatic Fantasia" *Epstein*, which obtained a great and deserved success, as ably

rendered by Miss Kitty Clark and Mr. A. J. Epstein, and Gottschalk's "Radeus" which was most excellently interpreted by Miss Mussey and Mr. Epstein. The excellent training of all the music pupils who took part is certainly a subject of congratulation to the institution, the pupils and their excellent teacher

QUIGG AND THE BEASTS.

Do you know Quigg? J. N. Travis Quigg? If you don't, I'm sorry for you, for he is a good fellow, and there are so few of that sort on this mundane sphere, or whatever you call it, that it's a pity you have no acquaintance with him. Well, Quigg is a journalist and will remain one until he takes on his own wings, like the Lord Chancellor in "Iolanthe" to hie himself higher. Having said that he is a journalist, it might seem hardly necessary to add that he is bold and lion-hearted, were it not that he is bold among the bold. He has been a musical and dramatic critic for years and has again and again looked straight into the eyes of the irate husband of some *prima donna* whom he had criticized, and listened without flinching as he said: "Did you write that my wife could not get up to a?" Why sir, many is the night I have heard her sing and get up to I, m, n, o and even farther, and unless you retract I'll kill you!" But he has never retracted. Some of the ferocious husbands afterwards entered hospitals; many of the *prime donne* became widows (grass)—Catherine Lewis, for one, but the pen is mightier than the sword. Yet he is not unfamiliar with the sword, for he fought, bled and squint, in the "late unpleasantness"—we have forgotten on which side. He knows the smell of powder, and recommends Potzoni's as the best.

the men of power, and recommends Pozzoni's as the best. If you don't know Quigg, perhaps you know the "Wild Grounds," and if you do, you also know that they contain a "House of Public Comfort" as well as a whole lot of wild beasts: lions, tigers, bears and others too numerous to mention. Now, the proprietor of the House of Public Comfort, Mr. McCullough, invited the unfrightened Quigg to supper. He had not been there long when he remarked that Catherine Lewis must be somewhere on the premises, practicing. The lady of the house, however, assured him it was only one of the wild-cat, passing some remarks upon the weather. As the night wore on, all the noises of African forests and Asiatic jungles fell successively upon his ear and presently he inquired whether any of the animals ever got away. The ladies of the house were chock full of information. They told him how, a few days before, a new lion had been brought, and that when he was being unloaded he took his cage to pieces and sprang upon the keeper, who felt in his hip-pocket for his revolver while he hastily, recoiled. Now he lay me down to sleep," not knowing which would do him the most good, but desisted from both when the lion began to lick his face and caress him. The brute that held him under his paw was a lion he had raised from a cub and whose eye at seeing him again, after two years of separation, had caused him to break his cage to get at him sooner. Quigg had not even a speaking acquaintance with the lion and feared he might be taken with a sudden desire to see his keeper that night, and meet him instead. Then, they told him how, five days before, some one had forgotten to close the bear pit, and just as the family were going to sit down to breakfast they saw thirteen (we think it was thirteen) bears, in Indian file, approaching the house. "What would you have done under the circumstances asked one of the ladies. "Why," said Mr. Quigg, "I should have loaded a cannon—of course you have a cannon on the premises! I should have loaded a cannon and as they were in Indian file, killed the whole thirteen with one shot!" "That was not the way *we* did," was the reply, "the baker had just come and one of us got into his wagon and began to throw the loaves of bread to the bears, driving all the while towards the pits. The bears were hungry and followed. Then the bread was all dumped into the pits, the bears went in after it, and the door was closed." Now, Quigg thought: "If I should meet these thirteen bears in Indian file, without either cannon or baker's wagon, what would my next editorial look like?" This caused him some uneasiness. The ladies, noticing this, assured him that the wild beasts did not break out on an average more than two or three times a week, and none had escaped for five days. It occurred to our friend, that if it were so, that must be about the night for them to get out, and this increased his anxiety for his next editorial. At last the supreme-moment had come. With anxious heart he prepared to leave his hosts, who insisted upon seeing him safe to the gate, where they bidd him adieu. He was not yet free from anxiety, for what is a board fence for a tiger? and might not one of these be on the outside? All at once, he heard a noise on his right, a huge black body appeared on the top of the fence. "The man-eater!" he exclaimed, for the ladies had told him that one of the tigers was a "man-eater," and suddenly remembering that it was said that, if one played dead, a tiger would not eat him, he dropped to the ground. The "tiger," frightened by the motion, ran away, and though some say that it was only McCullough's big Newfoundland pup, we believe, with Quigg, that it was an escaped tiger and that to his courage and presence of mind alone is due his preservation from a horrible fate.

BOOK NOTICES.

"THE SPOOFENDYKE PAPERS," by Stanley Huntley. *New York: John W. Lovell Co.* We have a bone to pick with Huntley. We think he has spoiled our reputation as "a real nice man" among the ladies of our neighborhood. We took the volume home and in the evening proceeded to read some of its best selections to the "partner of our bosom." Of course we endeavored to read with proper expression. The evening was warm, the windows open. Presently we looked out of the back window and noticed a neighbor "of the female persuasion," the receptivity of whose ears is surpassed only by the agility of her tongue, hanging on the back fence and taking it all in. As we write, we probably have the reputation of having called our "better half" a "dod-gasted, measly" something-or-other and telling her all she needed was "a pug hat and an adjournment to be a lawyer," and this "all along of" that "measly" Brooklyn idiot. After that, if he expects us to say any good of his "dod-gasted" effusions or confusions, he's fooled, that's all.

LABOR AND CAPITAL, by Edward Kellogg. New York: John W. Lovell Co. This book is a queer mixture of sense and nonsense. It is the work of an original thinker, but a man of one idea and of limited education. Every page, almost, gives evidence of these facts. The work deserves a perusal, but, we think, is far from giving a satisfactory solution of the perplexing questions of political economy of which it treats.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

N. C. L., *Detroit*.—For brilliant and effective exhibition duets for the piano we know of nothing that approaches *Melnotte's* Operatic Overtures, such as *Stradella*, *Zampa*, *Masaniello*, *Etc.* They "double discount" everything else of the same grade of difficulty.

A. J. H., *Memphis*.—We do not necessarily indorse the opinions of our correspondents, as you might have known from the fact that we not seldom express opinions at variance with theirs, as published in these columns. We wish you to take our opinions and theirs, and everybody's, for what they may be worth, when tested by your own judgment—only this and nothing more.

F. B. P., *Springfield, Vt.*—We should think that Haydn's Quartettes, would be just the thing for your club to practice and play. The Peters Edition, which our publishers can send you, or which you can order from Schirmer, New York, is probably the best, and very reasonable in price.

"J. S.," Newark.—Hold on! We have never said anything against Floersheim as a composer. His "Phantasiestueck," published by Kunkel Brothers, is a composition which we particularly like; but that has nothing to do with Floersheim as a journalist—still less with his partner. Mr. Floersheim is a personal friend of Mr. Charles Kunkel, but we (the editorial we) have no personal acquaintance with either him or Bloomy. If they were our dearest friends, however, that would not save them from a gentle castigation when we thought they deserved it.

"LELLINIA," *Waco*.—When you ask who is "the largest music publisher in St. Louis," you probably refer to the number and quantity of the publication issued rather than the height and weight of the publisher. If you mean who has the largest catalogue then we must answer, Balmer & Weber, (i. e. Charles Balmer); if you refer to the total number of copies issued, it is quite another thing. One common hand-press is quite sufficient to print all the music which is sold of Mr. Balmer's publications. Bollman & Sons, with a catalogue about half the size of Balmer & Weber's, publish more music, in volume, than the former, and Kunkel Brothers, with a still smaller catalogue, send out more music than all other St. Louis firms put together. Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, are far ahead of all music publishing houses in the United States, both in the number and quantity of their publications.

????? ???? ???? ???? ???? ?

QUESTIONS PERTINENT AND IMPERTINENT.

What has become of *The Apollo*?

Have you read the unprecedented offer to our subscribers on the editorial page?

Where is Ludden & Bates "own factory?" In New York—yes; but where in New York?

Does not Conover chuckle to himself as he thinks of the large amount of free advertising his late pictorial enterprises have secured him?

What do the Boston musical papers see in the articles of Gen. H. K. Oliver that they should insert them elsewhere than in the waste basket?

Now that Weber has ceased furnishing funds for *Music and Drama*, how long will it be before it follows the example of *Freund's Daily*, and takes a summer vacation to re-appear in October as "a weekly democratic" [or republican] journal?

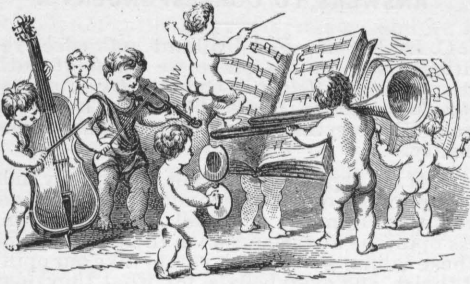
Has not *Music and Drama* been a "greenback labor" organ heretofore? At least has it not cost Weber both greenbacks and labor—to say nothing of more valuable things?

Was it not a very small piece of business for the Steinways to take advantage of Weber's temporary embarrassment to set their hurdy-gurdy, otherwise known as the *Musical Courier*, grinding slander-music against their young rival?

Would not the energy and ingenuity of Steinway & Sons be better employed in devising a piano that would stand the climate of the gulf regions of Texas?

If they do not understand what we mean, will they remember that we are accommodating and just ask us to explain?

Will the Woods College of Music of New York, ever get out of the woods? Is there forgiveness for us here or hereafter for having perpetrated such an atrocious *jeu de mots*?



OUR MUSIC.

ALLEGRO MODERATO, from Schubert's unfinished symphony in B minor, reduced for piano by Carl Sidus. Had Schubert left no monument but this fragmentary work, it would be almost enough to make him immortal. Sidus' transcription, here presented, is the best yet made, so far as we know.

"HEAVENLY VOICES," (Nocturne) E. A. Becker. This composition is from an author who is new to most of our readers. It is none the less good for that, however. As Mr. Becker is an employee of "Uncle Sam's" P. O. Department, it is probable that the "Heavenly Voices" he heard were from Washington and heralded an increase of salary. If so, we hope the boss angel, known as the P. M. General, will often give him similar inspirations.

"YOU SEE, MAMMA!" F. P. Tosti. This song, or rather the Italian version of this song, was sung from Maine to California last winter by the famous barytone Del Puente, then with the Nilsson Concert Troupe. We have here given English and German versions, which can be found in no other edition; the accompaniment has been revised, and simplified, without detracting from its effectiveness, and a key thought to be better for most voices than the original has been adopted.

"YES, OR NO?" (Grand Vocal Concert Waltz, on selected and original themes.) Charles Kunkel. There is a demand for good waltz songs at present, and we think we here offer to our readers one which is unsurpassed, and we might say unequalled, in its way. The music will speak for itself. The words are supposed to be sung by a young lady to whom the momentous question has been "popped." The anxious lover is about to come for his answer, and, while awaiting his coming, she consults the roses of fate, white and red, to see what they will say. In singing this song in concert, a very pretty and natural effect will be produced if the singer, will take with her upon the stage two roses (real or artificial) of which she shall pull off a petal for each, *yes* and *no*, after the questions addressed to the "White rose of truth" and the "Red rose of love" respectively. Thirteen petals for the white rose and eleven for the red would be just the right number, but it might not be easy to find or prepare roses with just the requisite number, and even if that were done, the singer might accidentally pull two petals at once or miss one, and thus be left in the lurch. It is best to have petals enough and to pull off whatever petals are left on the last *yes*. Should some of our critical friends think the metre of the words rather capricious, we would explain to them that the words were written to the music and not the music to the words. We had to dance to the composer's tune, not he to our jingle; but we'll get even with him before we are much older.

"FRA DIAVOLO" (Fantasia), Carl Sidus. Some time since, Herr Sidus wrote us saying he did not know which to take for his next operatic fantasia, "Fra Diavolo" or "Lucrezia Borgia." We replied he should suit himself, for since the former was a highway robber and the latter a poisoner, we did not see much choice between the two. Sidus selected "Fra Diavolo," and writes us that, in the wealth of melodies of the opera, he hardly knew what to choose. We think, however, that he has shown his usual good judgment in his choice of themes, as we are sure he has shown his masterly workmanship in their arrangement.

STUDY. J. B. Duvernoy, revised and annotated by Charles Kunkel. This is the first of book II of these celebrated studies.

The pieces given in this number cost in sheet form:

ALLEGRO MODERATO, from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony.....	\$ 35
"HEAVENLY VOICES".....	60
"YOU SEE, MAMMA!".....	35
"YES, OR NO?".....	1 00
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"FRA DIAVOLO".....	35
Total.....	\$2 95

NEW MUSIC.

Among the latest of our issues we wish to call the special attention of our readers to the pieces mentioned below. We will send any of these compositions to those of our subscribers who may wish to examine them, with the understanding that they may be returned in good order, if they are not suited to their taste or purpose. The names of the authors are a sufficient guarantee of the merit of the compositions, and it is a fact now so well known that the house of Kunkel Brothers is not only fastidious in the selection of the pieces it publishes, but also issues the most carefully edited, fingered, phrased, and revised publications ever seen in America, that further notice of this fact is unnecessary.

PIANO SOLOS.

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Allegro moderato $\text{♩} = 60$.

misterioso
pp

pp

sf

cres... cen... do

f *p*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

*** *** *** *** *** *** *** ***

cres *cen* *do*

ff *Ped.* *

Cantabile

pp *N.B.* *mf* *p* *Ped.* *

Small hands

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

may omit the lower notes of these octaves.

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

ff *Ped.* *

N.B. These syncopations will not prove difficult if 6 instead of 4 are counted

or thus:

This system contains a piano score with three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line with various fingerings (1, 2, 3, 4, 5) and slurs. The middle and bottom staves form a piano accompaniment with chords and moving lines. Dynamics include *f* and *ff*. Pedal markings are present at the beginning and end of the system.

f *ff*

Ped. *

dolce.

This system continues the piano score. The top staff features a more melodic line with fingerings. The piano accompaniment is more sparse. Dynamics include *dim.*, *mf*, and *p*. Pedal markings are present.

dim. *mf* *p*

Ped. *

misterioso

This system continues the piano score. The tempo/mood is marked *misterioso*. The music is slower and more atmospheric. Dynamics include *f* and *pp*. Pedal markings are present.

f *pp* *misterioso*

Ped. *

This system continues the piano score. It features sustained chords in the piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp*. Pedal markings are present.

pp

Ped. *

This system concludes the piano score. It features a final melodic phrase in the top staff and a rhythmic accompaniment in the bottom staff. Dynamics include *pp*. Pedal markings are present.

pp

Ped. *

To my Wife

Heavenly Voices.

Emile A. Becker. Op. 37.

Andante con espressione ♩ — 60.

mf *p* *p* *p*

Cantabile. *p*

f

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

Ped. * *Ped.* * *Ped.* * *Ped.* *

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic marking *f* and pedal markings *Ped.* with asterisks.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes fingerings (e.g., 3 2 4, 2 1) and multiple *Ped.* markings.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes complex fingerings and *Ped.* markings.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes complex fingerings, *Ped.* markings, and a *cres.* (crescendo) marking.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes vocal line with lyrics "cen..." and "do", piano (*p*) marking, and tempo markings *acc.* (accelerando) and *rit.* (ritardando). Ends with *a tempo*.

3 1 2 3 1 3 2 3 1 4 3 2 1 5 3 1 2 3 1 3 4 2 3 4

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

f

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

appassionato.

ff

3 2 1 3 2 1 4 5 4 5 5 4

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

3 2 1 3 2 1 *ff* 3 2 1 3 2 1

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

ff

3 2 1 4 5 4 5 5 4

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *f* and *sf*, and performance instructions *Ped.* and ** 611 - 5*. Fingerings 3 2 1 and 3 2 1 are indicated.

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *sf*, *cres.*, *cen.*, *do*, and *p*. Performance instructions *a tempo.*, *rit.*, and *accel.* are present. Pedal markings *Ped.* and *** are included.

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *p* and *sf*. Pedal markings *Ped.* and *** are included. Fingerings 2 3 1 3 2 and 2 3 1 3 2 are indicated.

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *f*. Pedal markings *Ped.* and *** are included. Fingerings 1 2 3 4 5 and 1 2 3 4 5 are indicated.

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. Includes dynamic markings *p* and *f*. Pedal markings *Ped.* and *** are included. Fingerings 1 2 3 4 5 and 1 2 3 4 5 are indicated.

You see, Mamma!

DU SIEHST, MAMA!

OHÈ MAMMA!

Revised Edition in Key of D.

F. P. Tosti.

English version by I. D. Foulon.

Allegro moderato. ♩ — 104.

pp e legato sempre

cresc.

p

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

Ped. * Ped. Ped. Ped. *

3. Span-de. -vaa-mor lō-ce - a - no, A-mor span-de - va il cie - lo, Span-
 2. I - ner - ti i re - mi giac - que - ro Nel fon - do del bat - tel - lo, I
 1. Al - lor, cheil guar-do lan - gui - do Su me po - sò u - nì - stan - te Al-
 3. Die See glänzt' in der Lie - be Gold, Es schwelgte mei - ne See - le Die
 2. Wie sanft glitt un - ser Boot da - hin, Wie leis die Wel - len schäum - ten, Wie
 1. O, als sein seh-nend Aug' ge - ruht Entzückt auf mei - nen Zü - gen, O,
 1. Soon as his long - ing glanc - es fell, On what he call'd my beau - ty, Soon
 2. Un-used, the oars slept in our boat, While we of bliss were dream - ing, Un-
 3. Then smiled with love the moon-lit sea, The heavns smild back in glad - ness, Then

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3. de - va a - mor l'oc - ce - a - no, A - mor span - de - vail cie - lo Mi
 2. ner - tii re - mi giac - que - ro Nel fon - do del bat - tel - lo Il
 1. lor cheil guar - do lan - gui - do Su me po - sò u - nì - stan - te Io
 3. See glänzt' in der Lie - be Gold, Es schwelgte mei - ne See - le Im
 2. sanft glitt un ser Boot da - hin, Wie leis die Wel - len schüum - ten, Uns
 1. als sein seh - nend Aug' ge - ruht Ent - zückt auf mei - nen Zü - gen, Schien's

1. as his long - ing glanc - es fell On what he call'd my beau - ty, To
 2. used, the oars slept in our boat, While we of bliss were dream - ing; Nor
 3. smiled with love the moon - lit sea, The heav'n's smiled back in glad - ness; A -

3. tol - se gli oc - chi un ve - lo Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, Mi
 2. so - gno e - ra si bel - lo Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, Il
 1. ne di - ven - ni a - man - te Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, Io
 3. Lied der Phi - lo - me - le! Ver - steh, Ma - ma! ver - steh, Ma - ma! Im
 2. deu - tend, was wir träum - ten; Ver - steh, Ma - ma! ver - steh, Ma - ma! Uns
 1. Pflicht mir, ihn zu lie - ben! Ver - steh, Ma - ma! ver - steh, Ma - ma! Schien's

1. love him seem'd a du - ty; You see, mam - ma! you see, mam - ma! To
 2. was it all a seem - ing; You see, mam - ma! you see, mam - ma! Nor
 3. way I put all sad - ness; You see, mam - ma! you see, mam - ma! A -

3. tol - se gli oc - chi un ve - lo Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, Oh!
 2. so - gno e - ra si bel - lo Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, La
 1. ne di - ven - ni a - man - te Oh - è! mam - mà, oh - è! mam - mà, E
 3. Lied der Phi - lo - me - le! Ver - steh Ma - ma! ver - steh Ma - ma! Wie
 2. deu - tend, was wir träum - ten; Ver - steh Ma - ma! ver - steh Ma - ma! Und
 1. Pflicht mir, ihn zu lie - ben! Ver - steh Ma - ma! ver - steh Ma - ma! Und

1. love him seem'd a du - ty; You see, mam - ma! you see, mam - ma! And
 2. was it all a seem - ing; You see, mam - ma! you see, mam - ma! A
 3. way I put all sad - ness; You see, mam - ma! you see, mam - ma! A

3. qual in - can - to e - te - re - o Oh! qual vi - sion be - a - ta Ahi -
 2. Lu - nain nu - be ar - gen - te - a Il di - sco suo ce la - va La
 1. quan - do al - fin ri - chie - de - re Ar - di tre - man - do a - mo - re Gli a -
 3. war sein Aug' sein Wort so Hold! Ich konnt' mein Glück nicht fas - sen! Und
 2. Sil - ver - wölk - chen sah'n wir zieh'n Am Mond vor - bei, der grü - ssend Uns
 1. da er end - lich fand den Muth, Um Ge - gen - lieb zu fle - hen, Wie

1. when, a last, he dared to tell His love, with voice un - stea - dy, My
 2. gold - en skiff, the moon, did float In heav'n, 'mid sil - ver is - lands, The
 3. mag - ic spell was o - ver me I basked in bliss E - ly - sian — But

3. mè ch'io son de - sta - ta Oh - `e! mam - mà oh - *I. & II.* - `e! *III.* Oh -
 2. bar - ca cam - mi - na - va Oh - `e! mam - mà oh - `e!
 1. vea già da - to il co - re Oh - `e! mam - mà oh - e!
 3. nun, verschmäh't, er las - sen! Weh, weh, Ma - ma weh, weh, Weh,

2. winkt, den Traum ver - sü - ssend; Du siehst, Ma - ma du siehst!

1. konnt' ich wie - der - ste - hen! Du siehst, Ma - ma du siehst!

1. heart was his al - rea - dy, You see, mam - ma! you see!
 2. birds sang from the high - lands, You see, mam - ma! you see!
 3. where's the gold - en vi - sion! 'Tis gone mam - ma 'tis gone! 'Tis

3. `e! mam - mà, oh - e! mam - mà.....
 3. weh, Ma - ma! Weh, weh, Ma - ma!.....

3. gone, mam - ma! 'Tis gone, mam - ma!.....

YES, OR NO!

OR

THE ROSE OF FATE

LIEBES - ZAUBER

Words by I. D. Foulon.

Music by Charles Kunkel.

Tempo di Valse 0-88.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It begins with a piano introduction in 3/4 time, marked *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The piano part features a waltz-like melody with chords and single notes. The vocal line enters with the lyrics: "Sagt mir, ihr Ro - sen, Die stil - le Zau - ber we - ben, Was Tell me, ye ro - ses, Since ye've the mys - tic pow - er, What". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, marked *p*. The vocal line continues with: "geb' ich heut Ihm für Be - scheid! Oh shall I say To him to day! Oh". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord, marked *p*. The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, time signatures, dynamic markings, and fingerings.

sagt mir, ihr Ro - sen, Sprech zu mir, Lie - bes - bo - ten, O

tell me, ye ro - ses, Speak, each pro - phet - ic flow - er, Oh

sagt mir, ihr Ro - sen, Sa - ge ich Ja, sag' ich Nein!.....

tell me, ye ro - ses; Which shall it be! yea or nay!.....

cres - cen - do *f*

Wahr..... sprichst du stets Sag' mir, was er er - seht voll Pein,.....

White..... rose of truth, Tell me what he so longs to know!.....

f
Ped.

p
Ped.

Du..... Ro - se, weiss, Soll Ja die Antwort sein, o - der Nein!.....

White..... rose of truth, What shall the answer be, yes or no!.....

f
Ped.

p

Ja, Nein, Ja, Nein, bald wird mir's kund;.....
Wiegend (Rocking)

Yes, no, yes, no, soon shall I see,.....

Ja, Nein, Ja, Nein, so spricht mein Mund;.....

Yes, no, yes, no, which it must be,.....

Ja, Nein, Ja, Nein; Ja,..... "Ja"kein Nein!.....

Yes, no, yes, no, yes;..... "yes" it is!.....

Du..... weisst, du weisst,..... sein..... muss ich sein.

White..... rose of truth,..... I..... must be his!.....

Roth..... Röschen, lieb, Sag' mir, was er er-sehnt, o sag'.....

Roth.....

Red..... rose of love, Tell thou what he so longs to know!..... Red.....

f *dim* *f*

Ped. * Ped. * Ped. *

..... Röschen, lieb, Sag' ich in Lie-be ja, sag' ich nein!.....

..... rose of love, What shall the answer be? yes, or no!.....

dim *p* *mf*

Wel . . ches Spiel, wel . . ches Spiel, Ja..... dann Nein, Ja.....

Yes..... or no, yes..... or no, Yes..... or no, yes.....

p

..... dann Nein, Ja..... und Nein, es ist Ja!..... Ihm er-ge-ben Mein Leben! Mein Wort, sei ein Ja!

..... or no, Yes..... or no, it is yes!..... Fate has spoken, Un-bro-ken, The spell bids me say yes!

f

Giocoso.

Tra la, tra la, la, la, la..... Tra la, tra la, la, la, la.....

Ped. *

Tra la, tra la, la, la, la..... Tra la, tra la la la la la la la la la la.

Ped. *

O se - . lig Herz, Dich drückt... kein Schmerz, Kein Zwei - fel mehr! Ganz bin..... ich sein

Now peace..... is mine And bliss..... di-vine, All doubts..... have flown, I'm his..... a-lone;

Und er..... ist mein, Ohne Pein,..... Darf ihr Ro-sen, Ich kosen, Ihr Ro-sen sa-get Ja.

Glad at..... his side I'll a-bide,..... For the ro-ses, sweet ro-ses, Fate's ro-ses, answer yes.

Doch, sprich, o mein Herz, Warum fragst du die Ro . . sen! Du

But why, O glad heart, Didst thou con-sult the ro - ses! For

füh - . lest ja tief, Dein Seh - . nen stets rief Nach

sure thou could'st tell Thou lov. edst him well Thou

Pod. *

ihm nur, nach ihm nur, O Duft voll sü . sser Weih . e Du

Musical score for the hymn "Thou knewest what each sweet rose discloses Thy". The score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "knew . est Thou knew . est What each sweet rose dis . clo . ses Thy". The piano part features a prominent arpeggiated figure in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

gabst ihm voll Treu . . . e Das Wort! Niemals wär's ein Nein.

love was the true . . est Thou could'st never have said nay -----

cres ----- *cen* ----- *do* *f*

cres *cen* *do* *f*

Ich bin sein!..... Voll Entzücken ihn he-gen und pfe- gen!

The first system of music consists of a vocal line on a single staff and a piano accompaniment on two staves. The vocal line begins with a half note, followed by a quarter note, and then a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a simpler bass line in the left hand. The key signature has one flat, and the time signature is 4/4.

I am his,..... all my life love's en-chantment shall bor- row;

Ich bin sein!..... Da wird nimmer ein Kummer sich re- gen!

The second system of music continues the vocal and piano parts. The vocal line includes a dynamic marking of *f* (forte) and a triplet of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment maintains its rhythmic pattern, with some chords in the right hand. The system concludes with a double bar line.

I am his,..... in his arms, he will shield me from sor- row;

Im Her- zen werd nur se- lig- e Träume ich he- gen

The third system of music shows the vocal line with a half note and a quarter note, followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment continues with its characteristic eighth-note accompaniment. The system ends with a double bar line.

I am his,..... on his breast I shall dream of the mor- row,

Ich..... bin sein! O wie schnell wird die Zeit ent-flieh'n.....

The fourth system of music features a vocal line starting with a dynamic marking of *f* and a half note, followed by eighth notes. The piano accompaniment includes a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and a double bar line. The system concludes with a final chord in the piano part.

Mor- row of grea- ter bliss, dawn of love re- newed.....

Moderato meno mosso.

Doch die Treu, Wird sie neu Je. den Tag sein?

Will he be True to me All his life long?

Nicht Thränen Und Stöhnen Verweh'n mein Lied! Niemals, nein,-----

Or will fears And sad tears Fol. low my song, Nev. er, no,-----

Tempo I?

niemals nein!-----

Schat. .

ten, entweicht! Die Zu. kunft birgt nur Glück im

Nev. er so!----- Sha. . dows, de. part! The fu. ture has but bliss in

Schooss-----

Ich-----

weiss, sein Herz ist treu, Und liebt mich auf e. wig neu!

store-----

I-----

know his heart Is true and loves me for. ev. er. more.

tra la la *tra la la*

p la la tra la la la tra la la

tra la la

la tra la la tra la tra la tra la tra la la la la

Ich weiss, sein Herz ist treu, ist

la la la la la la I know his heart is true, is

f *ff*

treu! o sein Herz ist treu, auf ewig mein.

true Oh, his heart is true for ever more

ff *ff*

ff *ff*

Ped.

ÉCOLE DU MÉCANISME

Book II.

J. B. Duvernoy Op. 120.

Nº IX *Allegro moderato.* ♩ = 80 to 152.

At first, practice the scales alone, with the hand inclining towards the thumb sufficiently to facilitate the crossing over or under of the thumb or of the fingers. When the crossing under of the thumb and the crossing over of the fingers, in the manner indicated in the note given to study Nº VII, no longer offers any special difficulty, proceed to play both hands together. The chords may however also be practiced separately, at first, to good advantage. In playing the scales, be careful, at first, to raise the fingers high in striking and to keep them in an archlike position, also to have the notes follow each other without the slightest interruption or break. To accomplish this, slow practice is recommended in the beginning.

GENERAL REMARKS.—In the following studies, all notes or chords marked with an arrow, must be struck from the wrist, otherwise the attack (*attaque* French *ansatz* German) will be clumsy, stiff and hard. After the notes or chords so marked have been struck, a strict *legato* must be preserved throughout, as indicated. By *legato* is meant the keeping down of each key during the full length or time-value of the note, and until the following note is struck. It often occurs that the second of two chords which immediately follow each other should be connected with the first almost *legato*. To accomplish this, all the fingers of the first chord which are not used to strike the notes of the second chord, should be held down on the notes of the first chord, until the second chord is struck. The fingers so held down form a sort of pivot or fulcrum for the other fingers, which can then strike the following chord with freedom and elasticity. In order to assist the student to distinguish the notes which are to form the pivot and which must be played absolutely *legato*, they have, in these studies been connected by dotted lines with the following chord. Strict attention to these general remarks, and to the notes accompanying each study will lay the foundation of correct and elegant piano playing.

[illegible]

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the lower register, using a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The voice part is in the upper register, using a single treble clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The score is divided into four measures. The first three measures show the piano accompaniment and the voice melody. The fourth measure shows the piano accompaniment and the voice melody, with a final chord in the piano part. The score is written in a standard musical notation style, with notes, rests, and fingerings clearly indicated.

8

cresc.

f

FRA DIAVOLO.

(Auber.)

Carl Sidus Op. 128.

Allegro ♩. — 112.



Con Brio.



Allegretto ♩. — 88.

First system of musical notation for the *Allegretto* section, measures 1-6. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady eighth-note accompaniment. Fingering numbers (1-5) are indicated above and below the notes. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is present at the beginning.

Second system of musical notation for the *Allegretto* section, measures 7-12. The musical texture continues with the right hand melody and left hand accompaniment. Fingering is clearly marked throughout the system.

Third system of musical notation for the *Allegretto* section, measures 13-18. This system includes a repeat sign and a first ending. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking appears in measure 14. Pedal points are indicated by "Ped." markings below the left hand in measures 14, 15, and 16. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is at the end of the system.

Fourth system of musical notation for the *Allegretto* section, measures 19-24. It begins with a first ending and a second ending. A forte (*f*) dynamic marking is present. The tempo and mood change to *misterioso*, indicated by the text below the staff.

misterioso.

Allegro ♩. — 112.

Fifth system of musical notation for the *Allegro* section, measures 25-30. The tempo increases. The right hand features a more active melody with sixteenth-note runs. Dynamics include piano (*p*), piano-piano (*pp*), and forte (*f*).

Sixth system of musical notation for the *Allegro* section, measures 31-36. The music continues with complex right-hand figures and a steady left-hand accompaniment. Dynamics include forte (*f*) and piano (*p*).

First system of a musical score. The treble staff features a complex melodic line with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, including triplets and slurs. The bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. Performance markings include *f* (forte) at the beginning, *rit.* (ritardando) in the middle, and *Ped.* (pedal) at the end. A star symbol is placed below the final measure.

Allegro. ♩ — 144.

Second system of the musical score. The tempo is marked *Allegro.* with a quarter note equal to 144 beats per minute. The dynamics are marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The music consists of eighth and sixteenth notes in both staves, with various fingerings indicated by numbers 1-5.

Third system of the musical score. It continues the melodic and harmonic patterns from the previous system. A *p* (piano) dynamic marking is present towards the end of the system, followed by a *Ped.* (pedal) marking and a star symbol.

Fourth system of the musical score. This system includes a repeat sign with two endings, labeled 1. and 2. The dynamics *f* (forte) and *mf* (mezzo-forte) are used. A *Ped.* (pedal) marking and a star symbol are located below the first ending.

Fifth system of the musical score. The music features a *cresc.* (crescendo) marking, leading to a *f* (forte) dynamic. The notation includes various note values and fingerings.

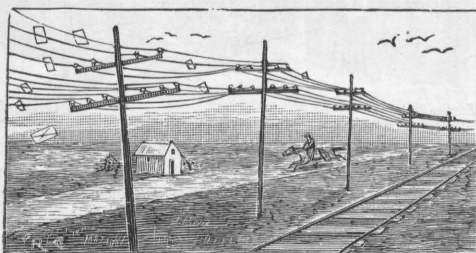
Sixth system of the musical score. This system includes a *ff* (fortissimo) dynamic marking. The music concludes with a final cadence, marked with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Scholten

Portraits

920, 922 Olive St.
ST. LOUIS.

Two First Prizes American Institute, New York, 1881.
Grand Gold Medal from the St. Louis Merchants Exchange.



CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON.

Boston, June 7th, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—

"The early bird catches the worm," but in my case the early correspondent catches the European steamer. The fact that I leave America for a short vacation, so soon, induces me to send your monthly letter rather earlier than usual, and this excess of promptitude will have the effect of obviating the necessity of any interruption of my letters. You will receive the next one from England. Although I write a week earlier than usual you lose nothing by it, for there are no very important concerts in musical Boston during the unmusical summer months. Circus bands replace symphony orchestras, and comic vocalists at summer gardens push aside *prime donne*.

But I have gathered in a few concerts during the past month. The first and greatest of these was the performance of Bruch's "Lay of the Bell," by the Cecilia Club at Music Hall, under the composer's own direction. Although the chorus did well on this occasion, the composer felt that a chorus of double the dimensions would have suited the work better. The soloists were not great enough for the noble work. They were all good, conscientious, pains-taking artists, but the greatest of dramatic singers would find their abilities taxed in this graphic work. Miss Rose Stewart, however, deserves commendation for much steadiness and intelligence in the soprano role. In the bass and alto parts, weakness was apparent. In these two solo parts lie some of the most powerful touches of the work, and it is doubtful if America can give an alto fit to give this role at its best.

The audience was shamefully cold, and the critics here generally damn the work with faint praise. Boston seems to prefer *Arminius*, although there is but little doubt that that work is much the inferior of the two.

The second concert of which I can speak, was one of the most interesting miscellaneous programmes of the season. It occurred at Music Hall and was *Scalchi's* farewell appearance for the season. The great contralto was never in better voice, and she gave encore after encore without any apparent fatigue. Her greatest hit was made in the *Habanera* from *Carmen*, although her performance of the Gavotte from Thomas' Mignon was also a very enjoyable one.

She is a great favorite in Boston, even eclipsing Patti in the affections of the public. Joseffy appeared to excellent advantage at this concert. His style is a little more conservative than last season, and yet he has as much delicacy of touch and refinement of shading as ever. M. Adamowski, also made a great success in this concert. He played his own *Polonaise*, and followed it with the finest possible performance of Raff's Cavatina. This violinist is not always equal; he has the artistic nervousness of Chopin, and requires to feel quite at home with his audience before he does his best work, but when he really feels that he is appreciated, his playing is almost unrivalled in delicacy, refinement and depth of feeling. By the way, I think I have before told you that he is to join the New England Conservatory of Music here the coming Season with DeSeve Allen, Adamowski and others, this institution will present a splendid array of violin teachers this fall.

At this very concert, a great success was achieved by one of the graduates of its vocal department—Miss Emma S. Howe, sang two brilliant operatic arias accompanied by her teacher, Miss Sarah C. Fisher.

The most recent concerts of the month have been given by this Conservatory in Tremont Temple and Music Hall. The graduates, concerts in the institution grow more and more numerous, and defy chronicling in detail.

As I have intimated at the beginning of this letter, I shall substitute European criticisms for American news during the next three months. There is nothing left in Boston to vent the critic's spleen upon, during the hot months, save the brassy music and active bass drummer of the open air concerts.

The season in southern Europe may not be much better, but at least it will be change of diet for your readers, and variation of labor for the musically dyspeptic.

COMES.

CINCINNATI.

CINCINNATI, O., June 23d, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Summer here, and the theatres closed, the good people of this cosmopolitan city patronize the various "hill tops" for pure air, recreation and amusement. For the benefit of those unfortunates who have never visited this "centre," I will give a short description of these favorite resorts. Cincinnati is built upon three terraces. In the front is the Ohio river. Back of the city are high hills which for many years retarded the outspreading of the town and appeared to present insurmountable barriers to its growth. The ingenuity and enterprise of the citizens equalled the emergency; for now there are a number of inclined plane railroads, up which horses, cars and passengers are hoisted to continue on through the public parks of the city, the streets of our suburban towns, and the above mentioned "hill top" resorts. These resorts have esplanades, pleasant walks and roofed in amphitheatres. From many of these points a fine view of the city can be obtained. Not wrapped in "solitary grandeur" but in clouds of black rolling smoke. In the evening, refreshments of all kinds are served; from a good substantial meal to wine, beer, and ice cream. At the same time our best bands and orchestras discourse sweet music. Some of Theo. Thomas' concerts were given here. Hence Jerome Hopkins dubbed Theodore—"Beer Garden Tommy." The erratic Jerome evidently did not like the mingling of the divine art with beer. Some of the *elite* go, while many refuse to attend on account of the music-beer combination. It does look a little like embellishing parian marble with terra cotta work. On Sundays these resorts are crowded. One Sunday, "before the war," Dodswoth's band from New York advertised a sacred concert at Wood's old theatre. The police made a descent on the place so no concert took place. To this the people said amen. Now, theatres, concert halls, variety shows, shooting galleries and base ball grounds are crowded. Currier's band delight the citizens visiting Burnett's Woods, with music, paid for, from an endowment fund given the city by Hon. Wm. Groesbeck. This band took the \$500 prize at the late brass band tournament. Currier likes tournaments. The Cincinnati Orchestra is now at Brighton Beach engaged to play for the summer. Mr. Michael Brand has composed quite a brilliant piece entitled "Brighton Beach March." The title page has a life like picture of Brighton Beach. The music is arranged for orchestra and also for piano. It will be published here. The College of Music has shown during this month some gratifying results of its year's work. The interpretation of the German, French and Italian Schools of Music by Professor Gorno was creditable alike to the performers and the singers. The professor is a thorough musician. His playing is delightful, his trills and running passages charming. This week two operas were given under the auspices of the College. "Un Tramonto" and the second act of "Der Freischütz" were rendered. The Misses M. Mulenbach and Nettie B. Buttles with Mr. H. Linden were the soloists in "Der Freischütz" and the Misses Carrie Moore and Amelia Groll in "Un Tramonto." The singing and acting were remarkably well done. The instrumental instruction given at the College is not excelled in this country. Mr. Whiting's farewell benefit was an artistic success, but, by reason of its great length, the concert was tedious. Miss Emma Cranch's singing was as usual—just so—finished and correct. If she would only exhibit a little more spirit and put more fire into her singing, she would be still more satisfactory. The Roman Catholic Cathedral choir, under the direction of its talented young organist, Professor Frank Wilson, has rendered twenty-eight Masses from eminent masters and composers during the last year. Miss Josie Jones Yorke and Miss Marié Van will return from Europe, and spend their vacation here this summer. Miss Josie Holbrook, our finest resident harpist, takes a short vacation East. Mr. Herman Auer, who left J. Church's place, has just finished a male quartette book, entitled "The Apollo." It is a compilation of gems from Norway, Sweden, Spain, Germany, Portugal, Italy and England. Different from all others of its kind, it is more pleasing and superior to any male quartette book published. It is published by Geo. D. Newhall & Co. This house has now become "The Geo. D. Newhall Company." Mr. Newhall, President; Wm. H. Doane, Treasurer, and Liman Bigelow of Bigelow & Main, are the incorporators. Capital \$50,000. Professor Jacobsohn's Violin School and Orchestra class has two highly creditable public examinations this week at Smith & Nixon's Hall. All the pupils did well. Mr. Henry Sofge has left J. Church's store and will be employed by the newly organized establishment. The entire stock of F. C. Helmick will be auctioned off tomorrow for the benefit of his creditors. Business has been slack lately, but prospects are quite flattering. CAMELOT.

[From another Correspondent.]

CINCINNATI, O., June 15th, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—

Musical matters in our city at the present time, especially in relation to orchestras and bands, are in a state of revolution. Our much vaunted Cincinnati Orchestra and Orchestra Reed Band of Ballenberg and Brand fame is almost in a state of disintegration. Ballenberg having made an engagement with the managers of Brighton Beach Hotel for the summer season, for the Reed Band of the Cincinnati Orchestra under the direction of Michael Brand, which, so far as has been ascertained here, will be composed of ten or twelve men from Cincinnati, the balance to be New York musicians, leaves the field open to Currier's well and favorably known organization. Of this Mr. Currier has not been slow to take advantage. He has secured the contract to give concerts at the Highland House for the summer season, giving concerts every night and Sunday afternoon with his regular band (twenty-five men) and on Tuesday and Friday evenings a monster military band concert, with the band augmented to fifty performers. Currier has also the contract to give a concert one afternoon each week with a reed band of forty men in Burnett Woods Park, under the Groesbeck endowment fund, by order of the board of public works, which has control of the fifty thousand dollar fund, donated by Mr. W. H. Groesbeck, the interest on which pays for twenty concerts per annum. Currier has also succeeded in securing the contract to furnish music at the eleventh Cincinnati Industrial Exposition, giving two concerts per day, from Sept. 5th to Oct. 6th. In this connection, perhaps it would not be amiss to say that Mr. Currier has been authorized by the Commission to secure the best solo talent in the country for the coming Exposition. The lamented Arbuckle had concluded an engagement with Mr. Currier but a few days before his demise. Lefebvre the great saxophone artist has been engaged, and negotiations are pending with other equally celebrated performers. Currier's band is making for itself a national reputation, and is at this time considered, in this neck of the western woods, second to none in the country. Its

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WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 22, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—The concert season is over, theatres and halls are closed. Basses and tenors by the dozen, with their dusters and a box of paper collars, are emigrating to the seaside and mountain tops to mash the susceptible females there congregated, while the sopranos and altos seek seclusion in their back parlors, allowing the deserted appearance of their front windows to give the impression that they too are out of town.

This is peculiarly the season of commencements. The female graduate, decked out in the net earnings of the family for the last three months, prances onto the stage and reads a carefully revised essay at her beaming parent who then becomes reconciled to pawn his watch that his daughter may have the much needed rest in a trip to the springs. Every well educated girl knows how to fleece the old man, and if the said O. M. fails to show up at his usual haunts for some weeks, his friends at once understand that it is "all on account of Eliza," and Madam Shovemthrough's commencement.

The one matter of real interest since my last was the Payne Obsequies on the 9th inst. The ceremonies in which a proud nation paid its last tribute to an honored son were grand and impressive. All pomp and circumstance of human grandeur contributed to this final honor paid by the living to the dead. The Government of the U. S. was represented by the President and his cabinet. The U. S. judiciary, members of both houses of congress, members of the Diplomatic Corps and a large following from the Army and Navy. So large an array of public and representative men gave the demonstration a national character, that marked it as the tribute of the entire nation. The procession was formed at the Corcoran Art Gallery where the military and civilians began to gather long before 4 o'clock, the hour of starting. The remains, which since their arrival in this city had been carefully secreted, inclosed in a handsome casket were placed in a hearse built especially for the occasion. It was a square finished vehicle with plate glass sides surmounted by six urns and drawn by four white horses. The procession in the following order moved towards Oak Hill cemetery in Georgetown. Regular troops under command of Maj.-Gen. R. B. Ayres, National Rifles, Light Infantry and other local military organizations, High School Cadets, battalion of the 2nd U. S. Artillery, officiating clergy and pall bearers, hearse bearing remains of John Howard Payne, followed by about fifty carriages containing the surviving relations, the orator and poet of the day, the President and other representatives of this and foreign countries and other invited guest. Along the entire route thousands of spectators had gathered to witness the honor paid to the remains of the man who had immortalized himself in "Home, Sweet Home."

Oak Hill cemetery has a national reputation for its natural beauty as well as the artistic manner of its development. The site of Payne's grave is on a beautiful knoll easily accessible from the entrance of the cemetery. On this knoll is erected a monument, the base of which is of gray granite, six feet square, upon which rests a white marble shaft surmounted by a bust of the dead poet one-half larger than life size. The height of the monument is fourteen feet, and its general design of the Roman type. The inscriptions and designs on the shaft are simple. On the front is the following, which, though brief, is sufficient:

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE,
Author of "Home, Sweet Home."
Born June 9, 1792,
Died April 10, 1852.

On the back is the inscription which was on the stone that marked his grave in Tunis, and is as follows:

Sure, when thy gentle spirit fled
To realms above the azure dome,
With arms outstretched, God's Angel said,
Welcome to heaven's home, sweet home.

Beneath the monument is a substantial vault into which the remains were placed during the exercises. The monument was shrouded in folds of white. Around it ample platforms were built to accommodate the participants and spectators, the seating capacity being for 1900 people. On the north side was the speaker's platform occupied by the poet, orator and distinguished guests. On the west side were the Marine Band and the Philharmonic society, which had been augmented to nearly double its usual number by other organizations who joined with it, and on the other sides were the seats provided for the general public, which was however admitted only by special cards of invitation. The front of the speaker's platform was elaborately festooned with evergreens and flowers and the national flag and the colors of Tunis.

Upon the arrival of the procession at the cemetery, the remains were carried by the pall bearers and placed on a bier of evergreens and flowers at the base of the monument. The order of exercises was as follows:

Music—"Nearer my God to Thee"—Marine Band, under the direction of John T. Sousa.

Reading from the Scriptures.

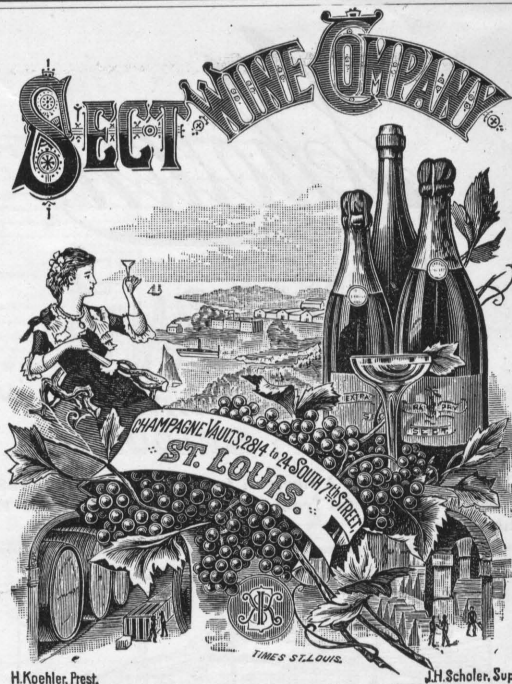
Poem by Robert S. Chilton, after the reading of which the monument was unveiled and "Home, Sweet Home" sung by the assembled multitudes.

Oration by Leigh Robinson.

Interment.

Music—"Hallelujah Chorus"—Handel, by the Philharmonic Society under the direction of Prof. Robert Bernays, and accompanied by the Marine Band.

Benediction.



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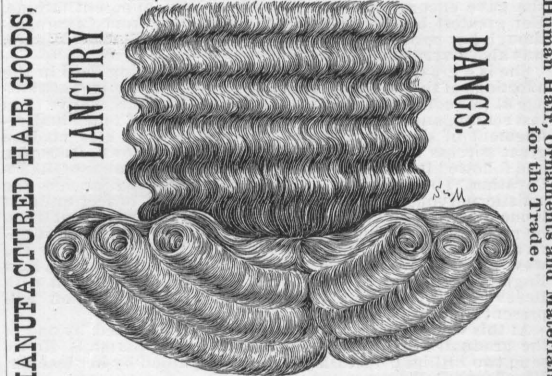
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Music—"Safe in the arms of Jesus" by the Marine Band. Among the relations of the deceased present were Rev. Mr. Lequer and wife, Bedford Station, N. Y., the latter being a niece of Payne; Mr. O. N. Payne, Brooklyn, who is accompanied by Gabriel Harrison, an intimate friend of Payne and author of a book of reminiscences. Another intimate friend, Mr. Joseph De Sha Pickett, Frankfort, Ky., was also present.

Everything passed off smoothly, and great credit is due to Mr. W. W. Corcoran through whose munificence the remains were brought to this country and publicly and elaborately honored, and to his relative and confidential adviser, C. M. Matthews, Esq., of Georgetown, under whose direction and supervision Mr. Corcoran's plans were carried out.

The Washington Operatic Association was the first in the field this season with a grand Musical Excursion down the Potomac. These excursions became very popular last year owing to the really thorough manner in which the association renders its selections. The programme embraced all the prominent choruses from "Patience" and "Pinafore" as well as numerous solos and concerted pieces. It is probable that a series of these excursions will be inaugurated in the course of this month.

The Georgetown Amateur Orchestra has adjourned for the season. They gave a public rehearsal as a farewell performance in which they reproduced a number of selections which had been given during the season. The rehearsal was well attended and left a very favorable impression. Before dispersing for the season, Mr. H. D. Cooke, Jr., the president and founder of the orchestra, and the most liberal of the numerous art patrons in this city gave the members a most delightful reception at his residence. I have yet to meet the first man present who did not enjoy himself thoroughly.

Decoration Day was a perfect day so far as the atmospheric conditions were concerned. The exercises at the Cemetery at Arlington were, as usual, very interesting. They were conducted by the G. A. R. After the decoration of the graves of the unknown dead, the ceremonies were conducted under an immense tent spread in the highest part of the grounds. They comprised an oration and a poem, and musical numbers by the Marine Band and a male octette, under the direction of Mr. S. H. Jecko. A new funeral dirge entitled "Sleep, Soldier Sleep" written by Mr. Jecko for this occasion and dedicated to the Grand Army of the Republic, was well given and received in a most flattering manner.

The services at the National Soldier's Home Cemetery and at the Congressional Cemetery were similar in character to those at Arlington and were well attended.

This has been a very funeral letter. I hope to send you something more cheerful for the August number. S. H. J.

CHICAGO.

CHICAGO, June 23, 1883.

EDITOR KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW:—Chicago's musical people, professionals or teachers, who have had a profitable season, have gone to rusticate, those who have not been saving (the writer of this included) must toil and pray for better times to come, stay at home or take summer engagements "at reduced rates." Chicago at present is over-run with every kind of talent, remnants of "busted" concert, opera, variety and dramatic companies, etc., etc. An old German conundrum forcibly reminds me of these later gentlemen of the "Bretter die Welt bedeuten." "What is the difference between the ant and the actor?" "One gathers in summer to have something in winter, the other gathers in winter, to have nothing in summer." This is a kind of an ant-edelvian pun, but it is true just the same. The only concert of any consequence for a month will take place Tuesday, June 26th, and as the programme is very cleverly made up, I annex it hereto *in toto*, excluding a few numbers in the recitation line. It is under the auspices of Aetna Lodge, No. 159, A. O. U. W.

PART I.—Niels W. Gade, trio, F-major, opus 42, for piano, violin and violoncello. Mad. Irene De Horvath, Mess. Seifert and Winkler. Soprano solo, Paolo Giorza, "The Mexican Nightingale." Miss Jennie Dutton. Piano solo, Geo. Schleiffarth, a Gavotte, b. Castanet dance, from the new comic opera "Rosita," The Composer. Quartette, Zollner, "The Bill of Fare." Chicago Quartette.

PART II.—Violin solo, "Hungarian dances." Joachim Brahms. Mr. Emil Seifert. Soprano solo. Schleiffarth. "Who will buy my Roses Red?" Miss Jennie Dutton. Violoncello solo. Selected. Mr. Emil Winkler. Trio, G-major, Joseph Haydn. For piano, violin and violoncello. First and last movement. Andante and Rondo all' ongrese. Mad. Irene de Horvath, Mess. Seifert and Winkler. Quartette. Vogl. Waltz song. Chicago Quartette. Nearly 2,000 tickets have been disposed of, and a great interest is felt in this concert.

The closing exercises of Dr. Ziegfeld's Musical College, at Central Music Hall, was a very fine affair; a crowded house and much enthusiasm. The Chicago Church Choir Co. has now been placed on a substantial basis and incorporated. New stars will be engaged and the chorus enlarged and carefully trained. Much has been lately said and written of this organization, its enemies have done their best to subdue it "by adverse criticisms, still it will come out all right," and prove this fall, that it is not only feasible, but capable. Mr. Fred Dixon, late with the Boston Ideals, a stage manager and actor of considerable reputation has been engaged, and great things are expected of him. A change of musical director is also expected. The Chicago Ideal Opera Co. I wrote about last month, now in the west somewhere (Omaha, I believe) find that their "name" does not draw any more and have adopted the C. C. C. Co's. This will surely get Mr. W. Davis, the proprietor, into trouble, as the latter Co. has the only legal right to the use of that name.

The pupils of the Müller Conservatory of Music assisted by Mr. Becker (Violinist) gave a very pleasant soiree at the house of Mr. Julius Bauer. It was very good. The Misses Dausch, Wehrle, Roenheld, Kleiner, Haake, Clark, Kleiner, Shipman and Mr. Carl Meyer took part. Mrs. Otilie Haas who has made a great hit as *Serpolette* in the "Chimes of Normandy" with the C. C. C. Co. has accepted a lucrative offer from Mr. Hill, manager of the German theatre at Davenport. Miss Jennie Dutton accompanies Remenyi on a two weeks' trip. Alfred O. Müller, the popular teacher has gone to Europe for a three months' vacation, so will Prof. Gill. The Chicago Musical Society will go to Milwaukee Saturday, June 30th, on a pic-nic—giving two concerts, assisted by Miss Dora Henniges (Soprano), Mr. C. Levinson (Barytone), and Mr. Fred Austin, the Cornet soloist.

Shortly before closing this letter I learn from an authentic source, that Director Liesegang has left the Church Choir Co., and that Mr. Herman H. Perlet, late musical director of the Fay Templeton Opera Co. has been engaged in Mr. Liesegang's place. Mr. Perlet is the youngest musical director in America, but, though young in years and looks, his reputation is made, and his connection with our pet organization, together with Fred. Dixon the new stage-manager, will be of importance for the C. C. C. Co's. future.

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LAKE SHORE.

THE RESTFULNESS OF MUSIC.

REST is a process, not a product. It restores to body and mind expended energy, but itself is not this energy,—only the means of obtaining it. We ought not, in strictness to say that we are *rested*, but renovated, rather. Our natural forces recover their tone and vigor through a period of quiet, but no vital force is added to them by rest. Indeed, it is questionable whether rest, so called, has any objective reality at all, and is not altogether a state, and a variable state at that. What rests one person may not rest another; the *process* is not the same in every case. But the fact that something must be done, some means employed, to secure rest, is what we wish to bring out in this connection. Even sleep, "tired nature's sweet restorer," is, in a large degree, the voluntary act of the person; that is, it can be resisted, to a certain extent, or it can be induced. It is about as much under our control as any of the forces of nature by which we are surrounded. And the other means which are given us for our renovation—these certainly are processes and acts, instead of products or states.

Music is a means of restoring expended vigor of mind and body—music as rest—has long been acknowledged to be one of the most natural and available methods. Its qualities are such as to induce the pleasurable quiet and soothing repose which is necessary for mental and physical recuperation. How naturally music lends itself to sleep! The first melody that floats in consciousness, and will always remain there, as one of the sweetest reminiscences of life, is the lullaby crooned by the mother over the cradle of her babe.

"Hush, my babe, lie still and slumber;
Holy angels guard thy bed!"—

Beautiful hymn of infancy; softly and tenderly breathed from the lips of love, and growing softer and more tender, as the spirit of sleep descends at its invocation, till it dies away in a wordless murmur, in a sweet whisper—in singing silence! Ah, what would the gentle mother do, if it were not for the restfulness of music? How would the little curtains be wooed away into the happy fields of dreamland?

I have heard the term "sleep music," and I think that there are musical themes and movements which naturally induce sleep. We are all familiar with the fairy tales and the romances where the queens and the princes and the maidens are wooed to sleep in fragrant bowers by soft, sweet strains from hidden players. All romance is idealized common life; and so it is here. The hidden players and the fragrant bowers are all that give the tale its glamor. Music soothes the weary and the care burdened, even of us prosaic folks, to sleep, as truly as it does the beautiful people in the stories. The strain must be soft and slow, and of no great range. Let it be monotonous, the more so the better—a singing and a re-singing of a plaintive gentle theme. Such music, run in thoughts, will put one, however restless, speedily to sleep. Some birds, I have heard sing themselves to sleep—why should not we?

But music is useful otherwise than as a composer to sleep. In this manner it is chiefly a physical rest; but in another manner it is more restful to the mind.

I think that very few who have a natural taste and love for music, and yet neglect it, for very weariness' sake, realize that it is more useful than absolute quietness itself. There are hundreds and thousands of brain-weary and heart-weary men and women, who will doze and wake by the fireside all evening and go to bed more weary than at first, who might be rested and refreshed and prepared for sweeter slumber by their latent or forgotten love for music. If there be any employment in our homes during the evening, it is likely to be reading; and people think that reading rests, because it requires no movement of the body. The fact is that reading is tiresome, compared with music. Not that I would cry down reading, but I say it should have the best hours of the day, when the mind is fresh, for it is an appropriative act, and requires energy. Almost anybody will gaze over a book that is really worth reading, after nine o'clock in the evening. The attempt to incorporate an-

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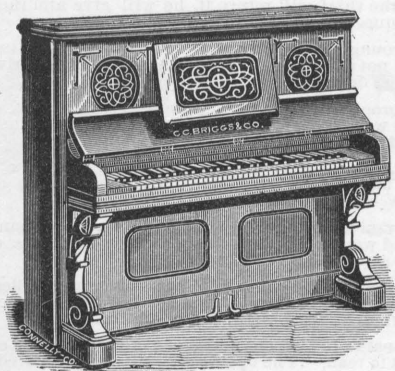
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other's thoughts exhausts the already weary mind, and, almost before the reader knows, the scene has run and is lost.

But it is otherwise with music. Music rests the mind. It does not require a mental process to appropriate it. The heart-mind—the spirit—apprehends music, and it does it intuitively, without the use of the reasoning power. Do you ask why it rests more than absolute quietness does? I answer, because as we have seen, rest is a process, not a product; we must make use of some means to reinvigorate our powers. What we may call "absolute quietness" does not exist—only relative quietness; and while the mind and body are relatively quiet, they are only preying upon themselves by a sort of ceaseless subjective activity. What is needed is not complete relaxation of nerve and muscle, but something to tone these up and restore wasted energy. Sleep does this—sleep, which is one form of rest, and music does it, which is another form of rest.

My plea, then is for more music in the household—in the average household, where all are wearied by the toil of the day. I believe that it will rest and build up the tired mind and body; I know that it will cheer the spirits. If you love music, it is worth while to try if it is not the method of rest you need.—*Paul Pastnor, in Visitor.*

A WORD FOR THE WHISTLER.

WHISTLERS are of many kinds. There is the musical whistler, the whistler who thinks he is musical, the nervous whistler, the juvenile whistler, and the man who whistles for mere wantonness. The musical whistler is not always a musician; in fact, few musicians make good whistlers. The best whistler is generally he who can neither sing nor play upon an instrument. By some arrangement with that mysterious nature which deprived him of the power of practical vocal or instrumental music he has acquired somewhere a good idea of time and rhythm and a knack of picking up airs he hears. In a measure, this goes to compensate him for the lack of voice, and in his solitude he can treat himself at will to the music he fails to sing. Whistlers of his class are found in all walks of life, and as their abilities in this direction are generally developed at an early age, they pass through life missing but little the art possessed by so many. There are thousands of people who have never whistled in their lives, some because they cannot and others because they do not want to.

To be able to whistle and to use that ability is to be able to meet and overcome many of the difficulties of every-day life. A man who does not whistle is a man to be avoided. If he has not murder in his soul, then he has a bank robbery on hand, or he is a Scrooge and Gradgrind in one person. Beware of him. He is close and illiberal in his business; cross and crabbed at home; a tyrant to his children and a mean man generally. Just observe the whistler and see if he has not the opposite of these qualities. He rises early in the morning and whistles "Never take the horseshoe from the door," while he ties his tie and makes his toilet. If there is a button missing or he finds his wife's switch tangled in the hair brush, instead of tearing around and saying cross words he merely continues whistling, probably changing the air to something more lively.

He goes whistling to market, stopping the tune occasionally to say "Good-morning, ma'am," or "Hello, bub," in a cheery tone, and then immediately resuming the air at the precise point at which his salutation interrupted it. He slams the basket on the kitchen table, and, taking up the blacking brush, goes out to the back doorsteps and polishes away at his boots to the "Royal Highland Schottische" from the "Passing Regiment." The polishing done, he returns, skipping through the house with the clear notes of the "Olivette," "Farandole," echoing in every room. His wife, catching the infection, accompanies his joyful shrillness by humming the air in her own sweet voice. At the table he can scarcely keep from drumming out airs on the tumblers and glassware with his fork and knife. The meal done he begins again, stopping to kiss his wife, and then hurries off down the street to his office, the houses on either side throwing back the swaying, insinuating notes of the "Waltz Song" from "Olivette." He bounds into his office nodding here and there to clerks perched on stools, whistling as they work. He looks over the morning paper still whistling, then he begins his labor, his mouth seeming to be in one eternal pucker. That man is happy at home and prosperous in business because he whistles.—*Exchange.*



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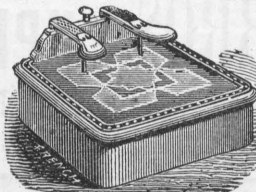
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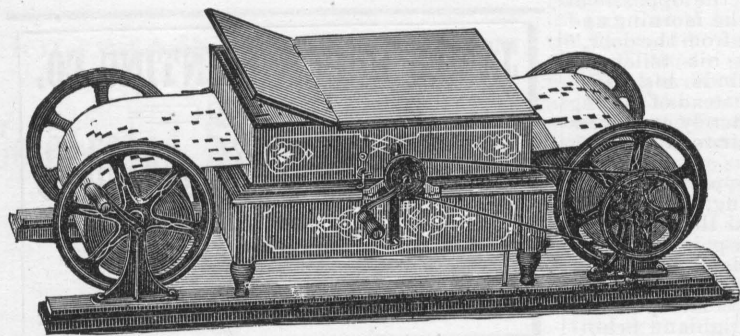
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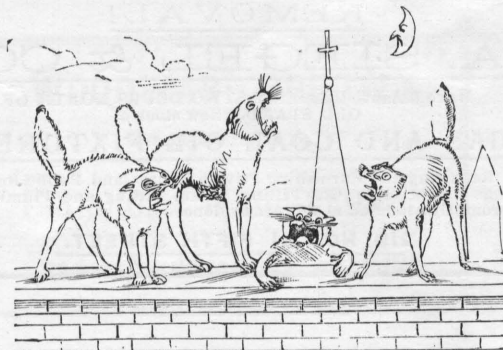
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WE stood at the bars as the sun went down
Behind the hills on a summer day,
Her eyes were tender and big and brown,
Her breath as sweet as the new-mown hay.

Far from the West the faint sunshine
Glanced sparkling off her golden hair,
Those calm, deep eyes were turned toward mine,
And a look of contentment rested there.

I see her bathed in the sunlight flood,
I see her standing peacefully now;
Peacefully standing and chewing her cud,
As I rubbed her ears—that Jersey cow.—*Ex.*

A MULE is unlike a poor rule, because he works both ways.

A MUSIC teacher was tried in the scales, and found wanting.

WHY is a thunder storm like an onion? Because it is a
peal on peal.THE hired girl with the dust-rag is the chair-rub of the
family.IT is said that the Digger Indians are never known to smile.
They are grave Diggers.IN ancient Rome, any fool could become a great violinist.
They were all Pagan-ninnies.DO not fail to read the unprecedented offer of premiums for
July and August on the editorial page.WICKED Parisian, of a departed genius: A lucky man, the
late Wagner; he can no longer hear his own music.AN Alabama editor's pistol having been stolen, he advertises
that if the thief will return it, he will give him the contents,
and no questions asked.THE young man who practices on the trombone in the back
yard is not a "private tooter." At least, not as private as his
neighbors desire.AS a proof of Cincinnati's prominence in music, one of its
citizens writes that in Cincinnati a man can find music even in
his mother-in-law.A SOLDIER expects to face the music when he goes into
battle; but when he gets in he finds the music has gone to the
rear.—*New Orleans Picayune.*A PITTSBURGH female physician says: "Woman can un-
derstand woman." All we've got to say is, if she can, she's
mighty smart.—*Lovel Citizen.*A MUSICAL programme jubilantly announces "Blessed is he
that cometh with cornet obligato." Well, we are glad we
know where to send him.—*Burlington Free Press.*A MISPRINT in a recent notice of a church concert caused the
account to read, "The opening hymn was rendered by mule
chorus." We presume that after that the preacher said, "Let
us pray."—*Leader.*"YOU'RE the plague of my life?" exclaimed an angry hus-
band. "I wish the old Nick had you!" "So I might plague
you in the next world?" calmly inquired the wife.—*Elevated
Railroad Journal.*Two theological students talking: "Brother H., did you ever
read Pilgrim's Progress?" "Well, no, brother M.; I have
read several of Pilgrim's works, but don't remember to have
seen that one.""SHOULD a man shave up or down?" asked Augustus.
"That depends," said the barber. "When I shave you I
always shave down." The emphasis on that last word nearly
broke Augustus' heart.THE latest story is that of a man who can heat a bucket of
water in ten minutes by sticking his nose into it. That's
easily accounted for—his nose has got a boil on it.—*Burlington
Free Press.*MODJESKA has told a newspaper man, in her peculiar broken
English, that she has "no loafer except her husband." One
loafer of a husband is generally considered a great sufficiency
by our native gentlewomen.—*Philadelphia News.*THE New Orleans Presbyterian Synod has decided that
marrying a deceased wife's sister is not an infraction of the
Divine law, but it is nevertheless an attempt to dodge the re-
sponsibility of two marriages by having but one mother-in-
law.ARTISTS (on summer tour): "Ah! Madame, might I have
the pleasure of painting your picturesque little cottage?"
Country Dame: "Wa'al, I don't know. Guess ye can. Ye
might whitewash the fence, too, if ye like.""What for did I not right 'bout face? A sojur, sir, niver
turns his back on his inimy an' it's Patrick McGlasshin,
fornist me there, that's me inimy; more betoken he stuck a
pin in me vertebra the last time he dhriiled behind me."—
Texas Siftings."BEG pardon, sir, tut could—hic—you tell me which is the
opposite shide of the shreet?" "Why, that side, sir" (pointing
across). "Mosh oblish, I wass over there jus now, and asked
'nother gem'l'n which wass opps' side, an he said this was."—
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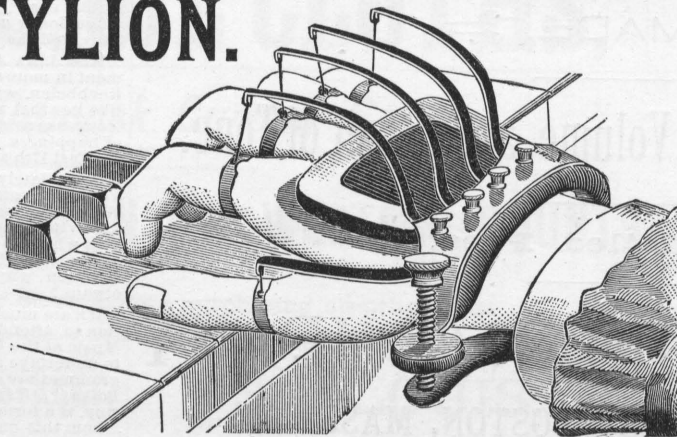
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Do not fail to read the unprecedented offer of premiums for July and August on the editorial page.

"SEE here, sir," said the leader of the minuet to the orchestra director. "Do you think we are on the way to the funeral of a rich relative? Because, if you do, you are much mistaken. We are dancing the minuet. Play slower."—*Philadelphia News*.

A MAN who was ignorant of music, and of social ways as well, took his son, Tom, to a concert. Said he, during the performance of a duet: "D'y'e see, Tom, now its getting late, they're singing two at a time, so as to get done sooner."—*Golden Days*.

A BOY was making a great racket on his drum in front of a house in Summerville. "Little boy," said a lady, "you musn't drum here; there's a lady sick in this house." "Well," said the boy, "I wish I was a doctor! There's somebody sick in every house in town."—*Boston Post*.

"DON'T you see thar phot y're doin' Felix?" said Martin Lubin to his friend Felix McGowen. "Shure ye've got the book upside down." "I know that good enough, answered Felix, "but I am surprised you can't see that I'm left-handed."—*Bradford Mail*.

SCHOOLMASTER to new scholar: "Now, my boy, be industrious. Remember, what you have once learned nobody can take away from you." New boy.—"Yes, sir; but it'll be just the same if I don't learn anything at all. I'd like to know what anybody could take away from me then!"

A WESTERN man who is learning to play the cornet, says *The Leader*, has picked up trick enough in the front yard and on the balcony where he sits to practice, to lay a pavement all around his house, and hopes to be able to build a brick hen-house this summer if the neighbors do not move out of the ward.

"So you have got twins at your house," said Mrs. Bezumble to little Tommy Samuelson. "Yes, ma'am, two of 'em." "What are you going to call them?" "Thunder and Lightning." "Why, those are strange names to call children." "Well, that's what Pa called them as soon as he heard they were in the house."—*Siftings*.

THE young man was trying to play sober. He sat with the young lady on the front steps. He studied for a long time, trying to think of something that would illustrate his sobriety. Finally he looked up, and solemnly said: "The (hic) moon's full as a goose; aint it?"—*Georgia Major*.

"THE pope's circular!" exclaimed Mrs. Malaprop, reading an item in the morning paper, "the pope's circular!" "I don't see what he wants of a circular. Don't seem to me it'd become him. What he ought to have is one of them nice warm ulcers they used to wear."

The wilting-collar days are come,
The hottest of the year,
When people sweat
And groan to get
A glass of cooling beer;
The circus and the organ man
Drop in upon the scene—
The small boy's pants
The holes enhance
Upon the base-ball green.

—*Williamsport Breakfast Table*.

A STRANGER passing by the entrance of the Adams Express Office, the other day, saw the good natured agent sitting in his sentry-box, smoking an after dinner cigar, and rushed up to him and hastily said: "Be you an expresser?" The agent expressed himself to the effect that he was there for that purpose.

"Well, said the stranger, "I want to express—"

"Certainly," said the agent, "you've struck the right place."

"I say I've called to express—"

"That's right," says the agent, "what have you got to express? Where is it going?"

"What I mean to express—"

"Well, if you mean to express, why don't you go ahead and do it? The entire express service of the Adams Express Company is waiting on you," said the agent.

"But will you allow me to express?"

"Certainly," said the agent, "express all you want to from a pin to Cleopatra's needle, and from a June bug to an elephant."

"Well, then," said the stranger, preparing to take a walk, "I want to express my satisfaction over the agreeable change in the weather," and he dodged out just in time to escape a call-book that agent flung at his head.

L. C. ELSON, in the *June Musical Herald* says: "KUNKEL'S MUSICAL REVIEW" has taken time by the forelock, and written the epitaphs of various editors. Here is ours:—

ON L. C. ELSON.

Kindly stranger, shed a tear,
Elson is no longer here;
And, whatever shore he's tossed on,
Sure he mourns, for 'tisn't Boston!

But we are a lively corpse, and thus return the compliment:—

ON I. D. FOULON.

Here lies the humorous I. D.
A Homoeopathist was he,
He added not to this world's ills
By editorials or pills;
For both were quite innocuous
When given by this genial cuss.

REV. MR. TALMAGE says the principal occupation in heaven will be singing. For this assurance many thanks. Nearly all the angels that we have seen in pictures were playing solos on fish-horns, and we feared that this was their principal employment. Perhaps these pictures were not "taken on the spot."—*Norristown Herald*.

A YOUNG man who was invited by his mother to lug up a hod of coal from the cellar, offered an amendment, striking out himself and substituting therefor his father, stating as his reason that he had just returned from a seven days' vacation, and that it was a well known proposition, laid down in Greenleaf's Arithmetic, that seven days made one week. The amendment was overwhelmingly voted down, and the original motion prevailed by a solid vote on both sides of the house.

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Dining Extension Tables, -	6.00 "

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MAJOR AND MINOR.

MIERZWINSKI, the tenor, is engaged for the next Italian season at St. Petersburg.

READ and Thompson are now handling the Carpenter Organs. A reliable firm and reliable instruments.

THE city of Vienna has contributed 10,000 florins toward the erection of the proposed monument to Mozart.

ARMAND CASTELMAY, the ideal *Mephisto*, is spending a short time in Paris, but will ere long return to Italy.

Do not fail to read the unprecedented offer of premiums for July and August on the editorial page.

THE *Musical Courier* speaks of educationalists. What sort of fishes are they? Is that the "bob-tailed Dutch" for educators or educationists?

Henri Viénotemps, sa Vie et son Œuvre, an interesting biography of "the last of the virtuosos," from the pen of Maurice Kufferath, has been published by Rozee, Brussels.

THE Municipality of Givet, France, have decided on erecting in the principal square a bronze statue to the great composer, Méhul, who was a native of the town.

THE French Government has nominated a commission to inquire into the present state and cultivation of the art in France. MM. Gounod and Thomas are members of the commission.

WE sincerely wish L. C. Elson *bon voyage*, in his trips to and from Europe. Note.—The "intelligent compositor" will please not make us say "bone voyage," as we are not yet ready to consign Louis to "Davy Jones' Locker."

LILLIAN RUSSELL, has broken all her contracts and sailed for "Hold Hingland." What else could you expect from a woman who spells Lillian, *Lillian*, and thus burdens herself with an "extra hell?"

THE first great disaster caused by the Brooklyn bridge has not yet been chronicled. It was the lot of musical swash in the shape of songs, marches, etc., for which it served as an excuse. St. Louis suffered in the same way when her bridge was opened.

THE prize offered by the St. Petersburg *Novelist* for a Triumphant March on the occasion of the Czar's Coronation was awarded to Julius Nagel, Music-master at the Imperial Alexander Lyceum. There were forty-two competitors.

WAGNER's seventieth birthday was observed in Leipzig by a performance of the "Meistersinger," and in Weimar by a musical festival, at which portions of "Parsifal," "Tristan," and the "Nibelungen" were given, under the direction of Liszt and Professor Müller Hartung.

THE hymn for the coronation of the Czar was composed by Peter Tschalkowsky. The honor of composing the hymn was twice offered to Rubinstein, but he both times refused without giving his reasons for so doing. Perhaps he was afraid he would be "dynamited" if he composed a coronation hymn.

C. E. WOODMAN, Esq., of the Briggs Piano Co., has a queer way of resting. He spent a recent vacation managing the D. C. Hall Concert Company in Massachusetts, immediately after which he started for the West. When we saw him here, he looked as if his managerial experience had actually rested him.

THE new catalogue of Messrs. Callenberg and Vaupel shows thirteen different styles, in grands, square and uprights. Their "separable uprights" are something new and well worth an examination. As shown by their advertisement in another column, their place of business is 333 and 335 West Thirty-sixth street, New York.

OUR friend, J. T. Quigg, recently became the editor and one of the proprietors of *The St. Louis Dramatic Critic*. He almost immediately changed its name to *The St. Louis Critic*, indicating by the change his intention of widening the field of the journal—a wise move, we think. We wish Mr. Quigg and his new enterprise all the success they deserve, in other words, all the success he desires.

CONOVER used to be a pretty good looking fellow before he went to New York, but, judging from a picture of his that lately appeared in one of our exchanges, he has been fearfully slashed and gashed about the face since he has left our protecting care. By the way, Conover, old boy, give the *Courier* a five dollar ad.—it will be so much saved for Steinway and Sons, and they'll muzzle Bloomy.

MISS LINA ANTON is no more. We do not put this announcement in mourning, for the simple reason that Mrs. Lina Anton Roebbelen, who took her place on the 5th of June, is so much like her that no one, not even herself, knows the difference. Nonsense aside, we wish Mr. and Mrs. Roebbelen a great deal of happiness. The young and talented couple reside at No. 334 East 17th street, New York.

IT has lately been claimed that the common bat can hear tones six octaves higher than the human ear can perceive. While the human ear ceases to hear musical sounds above 8,000 vibrations per second, the bat is said to have an apparatus which can hear a tone produced by 2,500,000 vibrations per second. If all things are made for a wise purpose, it is a question why was this animal provided with such acute organs?

WE are much obliged to Mr. Carlyle Petersilea for his invitation to attend three exhibition concerts of his Academy of Music at the Union Hall, Boston. It is too long a walk for us to undertake at this season of the year, although the fine programmes are quite a temptation. We notice that "Satellite Polka," *Alden*, opens the series of concerts. Mr. *Alden* by the way, is a former pupil of Mr. Petersilea, one of the many of whom this eminent teacher may justly be proud.

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SPECIALTIES!

A CERTAIN maiden lady writes to ask whether we do not think we publish too many love-songs in the REVIEW. Well, we don't know—the poet says:

"But oh! 'tis love, 'tis love,
That makes the world go round."

And a certain clergyman has amplified the idea as follows: "Love makes heads go round, papa and mamma go round, money go round, cake go round, the parson go round, and at last, if the pair live and have good luck, it is love that passes the baby around. We say nothing of paregoric, rocking the cradle, colic, teething, whooping-cough, and possibly a tear-stained face at an infant's grave. Yet we might, for all this is the natural, philosophical result of a talk with the loved one, which was in turn the result of moonlight on the water." What poets and clergymen unite in indorsing cannot surely be very bad. Try it and if you find it indigestible or otherwise dangerous, let us know.

MR. W. F. HEATH, of Fort Wayne, Ind., Secretary of the Music Teachers' National Association writes to our publishers in date of May 21st. "As often as an opportunity occurs that I can get you subscribers or say a good word for the REVIEW I shall do so, because you are offering the best music of all the journals, and your literature is not at all behind." We appreciate such a compliment coming from one so competent to judge, especially as it is the spontaneous expression of one whom neither publishers nor editor ever have had the pleasure of meeting personally, although he is so well and favorably known as a musician throughout the country.

DR. JOSÉ GODOY, publisher and editor of *La America Musical*, the only musical journal published in the Spanish language on this continent, has established in New York (at No. 159 West 23d st.) "The American Lyric College," the principal aim of which is "to prepare ladies and gentlemen for the opera, either as soloists or for the chorus, so as to enable them to enter into professional life on leaving the college." A strictly lyric school is a novelty, also a need, and we sincerely hope that our confrere, whom we believe to be quite competent for the task he has undertaken, will succeed beyond his expectations.

THE commencement exercises of Kentucky College for young ladies, at Pewee Valley, received extended notices in the Louisville papers. Speaking of the musical portions of the programme, the *Louisville Commercial* says: "Great praise is due Mrs. E. J. Valentine, the efficient head of the music department of Kentucky College, for the thorough training manifested by her pupils. 'Why are red roses red' *Melotte*, 'Together we have trod these halls' *Gimbel*, and our old friend Siebert's 'Farewell Song' occupied prominent places on the programme. Kawalski, Schulhoff, Liszt, Pape and Arditì were also represented, so that there was no lack of variety. Mrs. Valentine will spend the summer on the Pacific coast.

Not long since, says an exchange, a gentleman saw in a New York paper an advertisement of a wonderful musical instrument. The advertisement stated that the instrument could play any number of tunes, and any one could use it. As its price was so low, and, the paper said, "it was just as good as a piano," he enclosed the money (five dollars) in a letter, and sent it as directed. In due time there came a fair-size package, which cost him twelve cents extra postage. He opened the wrapper and found a box. The box was the overcoat of another box, and inside of the second box was another of smaller dimensions, and there, neatly placed on a red cotton mat, was a jewsharp and the following printed directions: "Place the harp between the teeth and draw the first finger of the right hand across the vibrating standard, breathing the melody you wish to produce gently on or against the bar. Any person with average intellect can, in a few hours, master the most difficult piece of music. Note. It is supposed the same party will soon order an organ from Beatty.

It is a fact that a string, set in vibration, causes a compression and rarefaction of the surrounding air; in front of it the air is pushed together and condensed; behind it the vacuum it creates is filled up by the surrounding air, which thus becomes rarefied for the moment. This periodic movement of the air is transmitted to our ears at the rate of about 1,100 feet in a second; it strikes against the tympanum, and occasions, by its further impulse on the auditory nerves and brain, the sensation we call sound. Air in motion, by its influence on the organs of hearing, is the cause of sound; either in motion, by its influence on the organs of sight, is the cause of light. Without air or some other medium whereby the vibration of bodies can be propagated to our ears, no sound is possible. As a sonorous body throws off no actual substance of sound, but only occasions a vibration of the air, so a luminous body sends out no substance of light, but only gives an impulse to the ether, and sets it in vibration. A musical sound, in contradistinction to mere noise, is produced only when the impulses, of air reach the ear at regular intervals; if the intervals between the impulses are not sufficiently regular, the ear is only conscious of a hissing, a rushing, or a humming noise; a musical sound requires perfect regularity in the succession of impulses.

THE Emerson Piano Company have removed their ware-rooms to No. 159 Tremont street, Boston. The *Boston Times* of June 23, says: "The new building of this company, at No. 159 Tremont street, is one of the finest of its kind in the country, and is admirably adapted to the purposes for which it was designed. The ware-room on the first floor has probably the largest show window ever constructed, and it is an exceedingly handsome one as well. The fillings and furnishings are artistic and have commanded the admiration of all who have seen them. The decorating in oil was done by M. Flemming, a French artist of rare ability. The whole building, in fact, exhibits the most superior workmanship. It is, indeed, worthy the company that will occupy it, and to say this is to pay it a high compliment. In 1838 the first Emerson piano was made in this city, and though the business steadily increased and the piano became known all over the country, it was not until four years ago that the business took anything like its present proportions. The company was newly organized in 1879. Its facilities for turning out pianos rapidly are believed to be superior to those of any other establishment, but the rapidity in work is never permitted to interfere with the quality of the instruments."

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—The Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees, United States Senator from this State, remarks: "My opinion sir, I have no objection of giving. I suffered from rheumatism of the back, used some St. Jacobs Oil, which gave me instantaneous relief and finally cured me completely. I think it a remarkable remedy, indeed." His candid and courteous expression carries weight.

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Smith—Good afternoon, Jones!
Jones—Good afternoon, Smith!
Smith—What do you know?
Jones—Nothing!—and you?
Smith—Nothing!
Jones—Hot, ain't it?
Smith—Very hot and dry! Why don't you invite me to a glass of "ice-water" with you?
Jones—Got no money—and you?
Smith—Flat broke!
Jones—What shall we do?
Smith—What can we do with our intellectual and financial capital?
Jones—Start a music-trade paper, a *Musical Courier*.
Smith—Got any credit?
Jones—No—but Dirt-road and Fathers want somebody to throw mud for them at their rivals in business, especially one Al. Webster or Weaver, and they'll furnish the cash. [They disappear in Dirt-road's office awhile, then enter the "ice-water" shop and "set em up."]

MAJOR AND MINOR.

DE KONTSKI and Joseffy both make concert tours next season.

MR. GEORGE H. CHICKERING has been re-elected vice-president of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society for another year. What is the use of going through the form of an annual election in his case? He should be elected for life, or "during good behavior," which is the same thing.

"When Jam laid in earth" is, according to the *Musikalisches Wochenblatt*, the text of Purcell's aria, sung by Mrs. Hutchinson, at the Crystal Palace, some time ago. Poor Nahum Tate was a wretched bard, but he never spoke of laying jam in earth. When will Germans learn the difference between a vowel and a consonant?—*Musical Review*.

"MA, what is a grass widow?" asked a youth who had been reading in the papers about a person of that description. "Why, my boy, I can't explain it exactly," said the mother. "I'll bet I know, anyhow," said the smart youngster. "Well, tell me." "A grass widow is a female woman whose husband died of hay fever," he exclaimed. Then he went out into the kitchen and rubbed the cat's nose with red pepper.—*Boston Times*.

MAX STRAKOSCH has signed a lease for five years of the Twenty-third Street Theatre, New York, lately occupied by Salmi Morse. Strakosch is endeavoring to secure the "Niebelungen," with the same cast, if possible, with which it was produced in London. Arrangements are also pending with Clara Zeigler, the German tragedienne. Mr. Strakosch says he will use every effort to make this a first-class theatre. We hope he will meet with great success.

A POPULAR Parisian singer as she entered the theatre on a recent evening, says the *Tribune*, received from the door-keeper a bundle which provoked great merriment when she opened it in the green-room. It contained a roasted chicken with a note from an ardent admirer begging that she would send her portrait and "something belonging to her which she held to be precious" to a given address. As the lady happens to be married, her husband undertook to cool the ardor of her correspondent by a reply which ran thus: "Sir, as my wife is busy dressing her last baby (a girl, dear sir), she requests me to answer your note, and to send you my portrait, her husband being, she assures me, what she deems most precious—at least, at present. With regard to her photograph you will find this at Nadar's, and I may tell you that the renowned photographer makes a great reduction when large quantities are taken. And finally, my daughter being now six months old, you might a little later on, in transferring to the child the great love you express for the mother, become my son-in-law. Who knows! Yours truly, X."

THE closing concerts of Mrs. W. H. Neave's Music School, Salisbury, N. C., took place on the evenings of the 6th and 7th of June. In the programme of the first concert, we notice such compositions as Strelezki's Valse Caprice, also some original arrangements by W. H. Neave. The second concert was devoted mainly to the presentation of an operetta of Saroni's, "The Twin Sisters." Speaking of this performance, the *Carolina Watchman* says: "Altogether, the presentation and performance were in every detail well nigh perfect—stage setting, costumes, stage presence, acting, singing, clear verbal enunciation—in short—the *ensemble* or entire *mise-en-scene* was so super-excellent, and almost faultless, as to be above the critic who carps. The audience was *en rapport* with the stage, sympathetic and warmly responsive throughout. Our own citizens, and the "stranger within our gates" all join in this opinion of the performance.

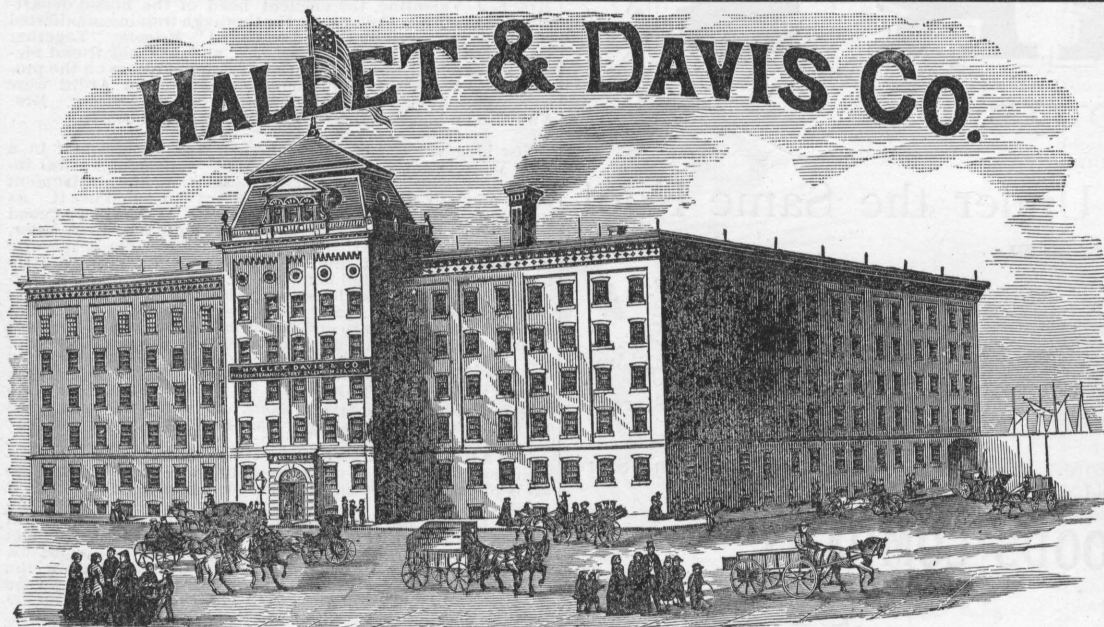
Prof. and Mrs. Neave as teachers and trainers need no commendation from us, as their reputation is not confined to the limits of this State.

With pleasure we announce that it is Prof. Neave's intention to begin the rehearsal of another Operetta with the opening of the next session of Mrs. N's school."

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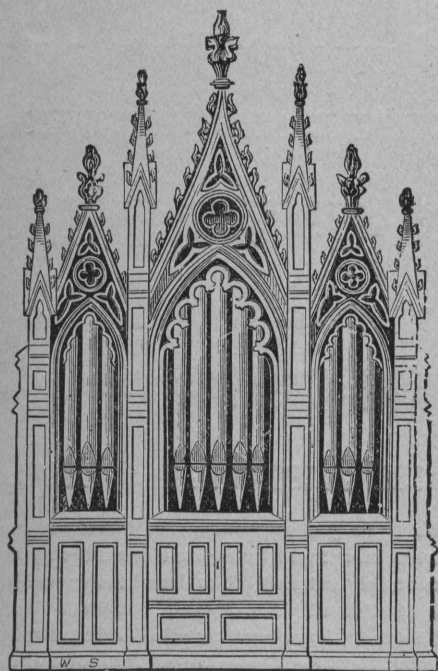
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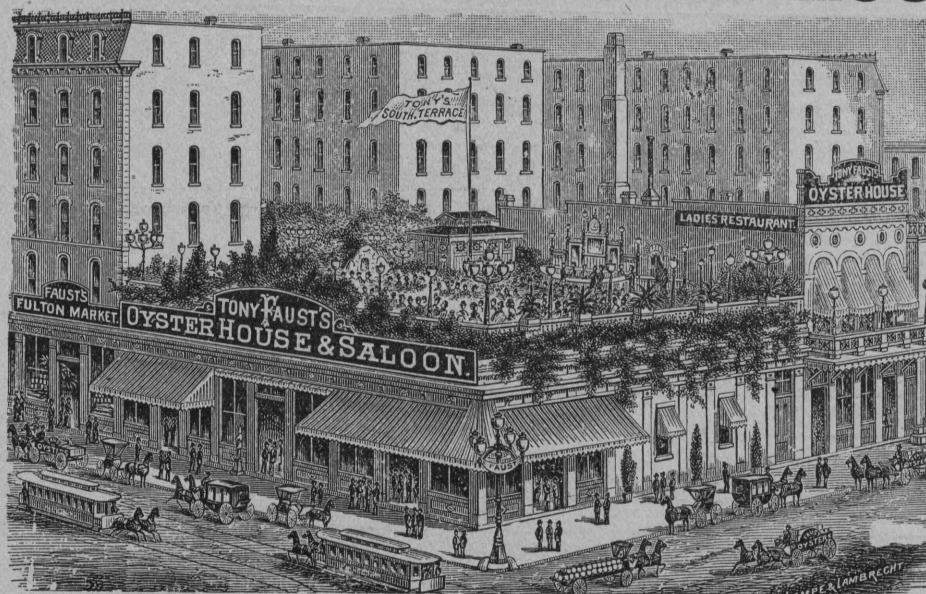
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